LEDGER AND BLADE NOW 1,000,000 A WEEK

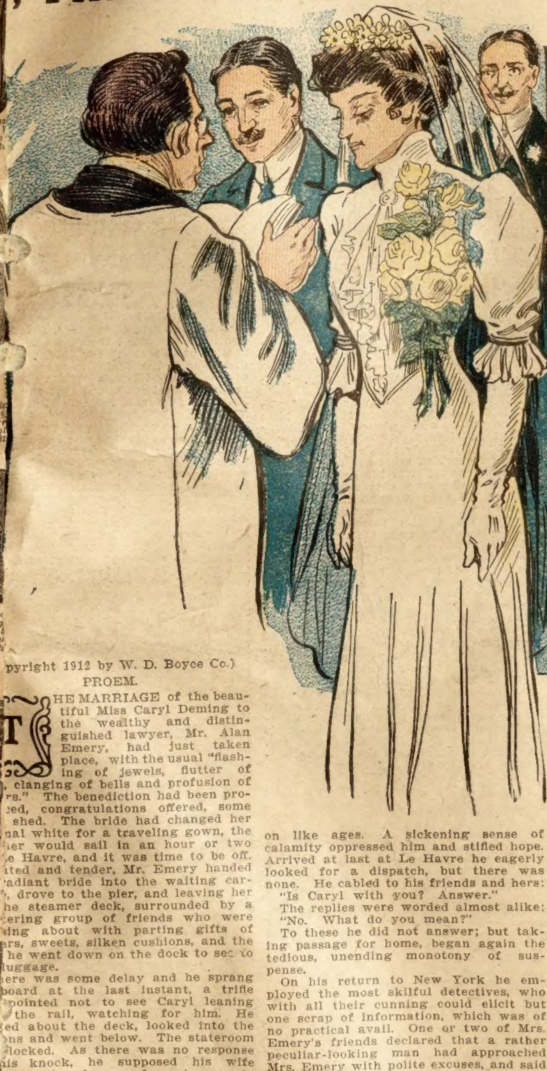
CHICAGO LEDGER

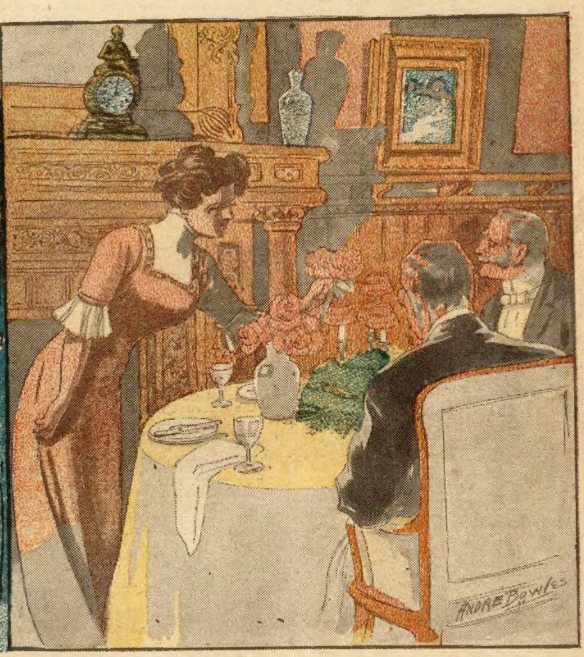
XL. NO. 5. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1912. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

The Vanished Bride;

, THE MYSTIC PROFILE

By EDYTH KIRKWOOD





pyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.)

PROEM.

THE MARRIAGE of the beautiful Miss Caryl Deming to the wealthy and distinguished lawyer, Mr. Alan Emery, had just taken place, with the usual "flashing of jewels, flutter of , clanging of bells and profusion of rs." The benediction had been pro-ed, congratulations offered, some shed. The bride had changed her al white for a traveling gown, the er would sail in an hour or two e Havre, and it was time to be off. ited and tender, Mr. Emery handed adiant bride into the waiting car-, drove to the pier, and leaving her he steamer deck, surrounded by a ering group of friends who were sing about with parting gifts of rs, sweets, silken cushions, and the he went down on the dock to see to luggage.

here was some delay and he sprang board at the last instant, a trifle pointed not to see Caryl leaning the rail, watching for him. He ed about the deck, looked into the ns and went below. The stateroom locked. As there was no response is knock, he supposed his wife ed to be alone, and went away to , as it seemed to him, hours.

owing uneasy at last, he summoned stewardess, who came bustling up her keys, explaining that the ine" was so incumbered with gifts had not thought it safe to leave it . Madame Emery? She had seen yes, for a moment when she came n to get her satchel. Was she not board? Eh, well! perhaps she had off to see what was delaying Mon-r and so had been left behind! If sieur hastened he might return with pilot, or send a message, but quick, k, or the boat would be gone!

lan Emery rushed up the stairs; but had lost much time in seeking and ing. He was too late; the pilot was . The long miserable days dragged on like ages. A sickening sense of calamity oppressed him and stifled hope. Arrived at last at Le Havre he eagerly looked for a dispatch, but there was none. He cabled to his friends and hers:

"Is Caryl with you? Answer."

The replies were worded almost alike:

"No. What do you mean?"

To these he did not answer; but taking passage for home, began again the tedious, unending monotony of suspense.

On his return to New York he employed the most skilful detectives, who with all their cunning could elicit but one scrap of information, which was of no practical avail. One or two of Mrs. Emery's friends declared that a rather peculiar-looking man had approached Mrs. Emery with polite excuses, and said her husband desired her aid in identifying some trunks on the wharf and would not keep her long.

That was all, absolutely all. And years of patient investigation brought nothing more to light.

CHAPTER I.

"All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Selfsame solitary figure, selfsame seeking face."

"So you were over at Wolverton's today, Dr. Bolton? Queer old boy, Wolverton."

"Not so old, either," replied the doctor; "I doubt if he's a day over forty, but queer, that I grant you. Yes; I was there this afternoon; I drop in professionally and frequently, for since his last illness he grows more and more surly and eccentric. I confess——" the physician hesitated, knocked the ashes off his cigar, played with his glass, then proceeded cautiously: "Well—I find it hard to guess what he may or may not do next."

"You don't mean to say that he is actually off his head—dangerous or that?"

"No, Mr. Emery; I certainly do not mean to convey any idea of the sort. Dangerous? dear me, no! He is nervous, highly-strung, excitable—the true artistic temperament. Still, it is no violation of professional confidence, in fact, since you are his legal adviser and have charge of all his affairs, it almost becomes my professional duty, to warn you that Wolverton has an idee fixe, or hallucination, which is a bad mental symptom, to put it mildly. Just what his fantasy is I find it impossible to discover; but he has some mania about a profile."

"Ha!" Mr. Emery's exclamation was involuntary and accompanied by a sudden start.

"You know it then?" The doctor looked interested. "Perhaps you can enlighten me regarding this mystery?"

"On the contrary, I am even more mystified than you. Have you seen the outline?"

"No; have you?"

Mr. Emery nodded.

Dr. Bolton had been dining with Mr. Emery and the two were chatting over their cigars before joining the ladies in the drawingroom. The diningroom was large and much like other apartments of the sort, its only distinctive difference being a multiplicity of mirrors, paneled so as to reflect the glitter of glass and silver and the elaborate floral decorations. Persons of astute minds who loved to fathom motives were wont to argue that the young wife, who had never taken possession of the home prepared with such loving care, must have been a rare beauty, since all the rooms and even the halls were lined with mirrors.

But if there were a mystery over at Wolverton's, there was undoubtedly another at the Emery mansion, for everybody knew Mr. Emery had been married, and that "something had happened." The trouble was always thus vaguely designated; curiously enough, the facts had never transpired. Every effort had been made and large sums expended to keep the matter out of print.

All that the neighbors knew was that, having written orders for the beautifying and remodeling of his residence, Mr. Emery had returned suddenly and alone, wearing deepest mourning.

No one ever ventured to question him about the past. His unmarried sister, Christine, a reticent, gentle little lady, kept house for him. They received many calls after establishing themselves, which they returned with perfunctory exactness; but they steadfastly declined all invitations, and let it be distinctly understood that they preferred their "double solitude" and did not wish to be disturbed.

Dr. Bolton and the rector, the Reverend Santley, were their only intimate visitors. The doctor knew nothing of his friend's private affairs and if he sometimes wondered a little concerning them, as was but natural, he always checked his curiosity with the instinctive delicacy of an honorable man.

The Reverend Santley was entirely in the confidence of the brother and sister, and by the marked consideration with which he always treated them managed to convey his high sense of their worth, which baffled the gossips.

After nodding absently in reply to the physician's query, Mr. Emery fell into a reverie for a few minutes and then, coming to himself, with a quick, apologetic glance, he said:

"Yes, the circumstances under which

I saw the profile are curious enough to bear narration. That is, of course, if you care to listen.

"By all means," said the doctor, eagerly. "Every detail is of interest to me, and may be of untold service in aiding me to form a correct diagnosis."

"Well," began the lawyer, "last February I went to the city on business and put up at my usual hotel. The weather was bitter cold, snow three feet deep, and the wind blowing great guns. In the evening I had to go out to find a man I wanted to see, and passing a perfect labyrinth of strange streets, I lost my way. After wandering about I stopped at a small, unpretentious, but respectable-looking hotel, and called for a cup of hot cocoa—the best thing to make you and keep you warm on a cold night, as you doctor, are doubtless aware."

"Quite so; nothing better. It is worth all the spirits that ever were brewed."

"I finished my beverage and going to the desk, inquired my way. Before the clerk could reply, a rather dingy-looking waiter entered the office with a gentleman's overcoat on his arm and approaching, said:

"What am I to do sir? The gentleman in No. 37 is acting very strangely. He has eaten nothing all day, and as he said he was going to leave this evening, I carried up his bill, according to orders. He put his hand in his pocket, said he had lost his money and got very much excited. Then he told me to take this overcoat as a pledge, and said he would go home for money and come back to redeem the coat."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the clerk, "we don't do business that way. No man could go out on a night like this without his overcoat. Take it back. Tell him to write you a dispatch and send home for money. He must stay here till it comes, of course."

'Up went the waiter with the coat, which it seems he threw unceremoniously inside the door, giving the message as directed. A moment afterward every one was startled by a terrific noise from above, cries of 'Help! Murder! Save me!' rang through the air, and there was one mad rush up to No. 37.

"I followed the multitude, and was astounded to see Mr. Wolverton, his fair hair disordered, his beard unkempt, his eyes wild. My first idea was that he had been drinking, although I never knew him to be intemperate. My next was that he was a very sick man, which theory was correct. This happened just before his attack of fever."

"Ah—indeed. Very interesting," commented the docter. "Yes; there was some cerebral disturbance. But the profile?"

"I am coming to that. As soon as I recognized him, I pushed my way through the crowd and called his name. He became perfectly calm in a moment, grasped my hand, and turning to the astonished clerk, apologized for making a commotion. He had been suffering all day, he said, from a violent headache, and during the short interval of the waiter's absence he must have fallen asleep and had a fearful dream. He had heard mysterious voices warning him of theft and murder. I got rid of the people, picked up the overcoat which was lying in a heap on the floor, and as I did so a well-filled purse fell from one of the pockets.

"When I proposed to take him back with me to my hotel he agreed gladly, but he would not explain what he was doing at that out-of-the-way place.

"As we were about to leave the room he turned, stared at the wall, and shuddered. The paper was of a curious, complicated pattern. He asked if I noticed anything unusual about it, and with his finger traced an irregular line which vaguely resembled a human profile. And—that is all."

"Dear me!" cried the doctor, "it is more than enough, I fear, to prove the unsoundness of Wolverton's mind. It is a very strange story. Could you make out what the face was like? Was it that of a man or a woman?"

"Impossible to determine. It was, as I said, the vaguest sort of outline. As Wolverton is an artist, he probably sees forms where we others perceive nothing but lines and strokes."

"Gentlemen," said a sweet voice, "Miss Emery asked me to tell you that coffee is waiting in the drawingroom."

"Thank, you, Miss Lynn; we shall be with you directly."

Mr. Emery spoke pleasantly, but his brows contracted in a quick scowl of annoyance.

"Christine is too unconventional," he muttered. "Why could she not send one of the domestics?"

The lady he had called Miss Lynn smiled; her quick ears had caught his words. Stepping to the table, she took a rose or two from the vases. "I came very willingly, for I wanted these," she said, and then withdrew.

The doctor had been gazing about him as though fascinated.

"Really!" he exclaimed, as the young lady vanished, "your mirrors have a charming effect. A figure is doubled and reduplicated, reflected back and over again in the prettiest way and at different angles—a very clever arrangement!"

"Yes," sighed the other, "when the reflection is of flowers or lovely ladies, but it is an eerie thing to sit alone of nights and see 'self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place.' But come, let us join the ladies."

"One moment," said the other, "I have a question to ask you first."

CHAPTER II.

"The clover blossoms kiss her feet,
 She is so sweet!
And I—who may not kiss her hand,
 Bless all the wild flowers in the land."

Mr. Emery looked up inquiringly.

"I wanted to ask you who that lady is; I have never seen her before, yet she seems at home in your house."

"As to who she is," answered the other, smiling, "if I answer literally, I must say I don't know. Her name is Miss Ellyn Lynn, and she came in answer to my sister's advertisement. Christine is, as you know, passionately fond of music. She wanted some one to play duets with her, and sing to her, some one with a good voice, thoroughly trained. Miss Lynn not only possesses these qualifications, but is pretty, a good conversationalist, and endowed with executive faculties which make her useful in the household.

"We have certainly obtained a treasure, only—there is always an 'only' or a 'but' about anything nearly perfect—she brought no references and never mentions her past. As we," he colored painfully as he spoke hurriedly, "are just like that ourselves, we have no right to complain."

The doctor made some indistinct reply, and they passed into the drawingrooms. As they entered, the same thought passed through the minds of both. They wondered how long Miss Lynn had stood at the door before finding an opportunity to speak, and how much she had overheard of their talk.

The rooms were furnished with every luxury of modern art. The softest tints were blended with the richest shades; priceless old tapestries recalled the chivalric Middle Ages; and here, as all over the house, every available space was occupied by mirrors; the rounded end of the apartment was completely paneled with them, so that the rooms appeared endless. The effect was brilliant when the rooms were brightly lighted, but the few standing lamps that were placed here and there only served to enhance the illusion of immense space.

Miss Emery was sitting in a low chair beside a low table, with a shaded lamp arranged at a convenient height. A band of tapestry in gorgeous Turkish colors lay across her lap and she still held the threaded needle, though she forgot to ply it as she sat under the spell of the sweet tones evoked by Miss Lynn.

Christine Emery was not beautiful, nor even pretty; she was simply pleasant—the sort of nondescript woman, neither tall nor short, fair nor dark, lively nor quiet, that of all known types men prefer.

Women often exchange glances of wonder over this, and ask each other what the charm can be. Men, if pressed to explain the fascination, shrug their shoulders in despair, and vaguely repeat that the person in question is "nice," and yet the explanation is very simple when one knows it—the attraction consists in womanliness, femininity, a sweet submission and docility which is as irresistible to the male heart as it deserves to be.

Beauty is as nothing; wit becomes vapid before this supreme quality of the eternal feminine. Just as strength is to be worshiped in man, so is sweetness adorable in woman.

Miss Lynn stopped playing as the gentlemen entered, and busied herself with the coffee.

The doctor glanced at her keenly and admiringly, and then his eyes wandered back to Christine and rested over her with a softened expression. Miss Lynn was undeniably beautiful, but the other was his ideal of womanly grace.

"I suppose you have made some acquaintance with our neighborhood, Miss Lynn," said Dr. Bolton, as he accepted one lump of sugar for his coffee and declined the cream.

"Very little as yet," she answered. "Miss Emery has driven me about a little, and I have taken some long walks. The country is beautiful, particularly towards the west. I climbed a most romantic hill yesterday, about sundown, and discovered a singularly gloomy-looking old mansion, built in the Greek style, with Corinthian pillars. A place of more forbidding aspect I never expect to see."

"Ah! you were over at Wolverton's. We always say 'over' on account of that hill that lies between. So you found the old dwelling forbidding? "Yes, yes," said the doctor, musingly, "doubtless it must so appear to a stranger, but to me, to most of us about here, I doubt if a more attractive spot exists. Eh, Emery? eh, Miss Christine?"

"I confess I like the dingy old ruin," admitted Mr. Emery.

"It would be all the better for a few repairs and a good deal of paint," said Christine, demurely. "Romaine isn't much of a housekeeper."

"Romaine?" queried Miss Lynn, quickly.

"Romaine is Mr. Wolverton's young daughter, a girl of sixteen," explained Mr. Emery; "she has no mother—that it —well, Mr. Wolverton has lost his wife."

There was a moment of constrained silence. It was easy to understand from Mr. Emery's embarrassed manner, from the painful flush that covered Christine's cheek, and from the scowl that drew the doctor's black brows together, that if Mr. Wolverton had lost his wife, and Romaine her mother, the loss had not been by death.

Miss Lynn broke the silence with her clear, calm voice: "An artist, I think you said?"

"Yes, and one who might have made his mark if the circumstances of his life had been more favorable. If you are invited to his studios you will reverse your opinion about the place. It is a rare treat to get into those rooms. Romaine herself has to ask permission, and considers it a sort of solemnity to be admitted."

"Is she pretty, this Romaine?"

"Of course," said Mr. Emery, "we think so, don't we doctor? Who ever heard of a girl of sixteen who was not lovely?"

"Youth is beauty," assented the doctor, "and when added to health becomes irresistible. Of course, she is pretty. A good little thing, too. She'll be flying over here to call on you soon, Miss Lynn, for she is extremely sociable, very lonely, and she worships Miss Emery with frenzy. I did not see her when I was over there this afternoon; we usually have a chat."

"You make me like her very much," said Miss Lynn.

"Everybody likes Romaine. I wish her father had the same faculty for making friends."

"Why? Is Mr. Wolverton not popular?"

"Those who know him best are devoted to him," assumed Mr. Emery, gravely; "but he has the misfortune to be what is called eccentric."

"A mere condition of health," put in the doctor, quickly. "He is sick."

Christine looked up from her tapestry, and was about to speak, when a prolonged, agonized howl, like that of a famished wolf, rent the air, and died slowly, reluctantly, away, with the unearthly wailings of an aeolian harp untuned.

CHAPTER III.

"Sympathy is the offspring of light, and antipathy hath its meaning in darkness."

Everybody started nervously. Miss Lynn seemed frightened.

"What in the world was that?" she asked, looking amazed as she saw Miss Emery smile and glance expectantly toward the door.

"Only Mr. Wolverton's dog," replied Mr. Emery. "You must get used to that grewsome howl; it is his greeting from afar. He has free entrance here, and trots at his ease through the house. I have seen him gnawing bones in our kitchen, found him asleep under the grand piano, and once met him coming out of Christine's bedroom licking his chops with the satisfied air of a dog who had been enjoying a feast of bonbons. He has a passion for sweets. Try him with a macaroon when he comes in."

"Oh, really! Is the dreadful creature actually coming in? Is it safe?"

There was no time to answer, for the enormous animal was already there. He walked up to Christine and laid his sharp nose on her knee, while she caressed his pointed brown ears. Two great rows of wicked-looking teeth gave him a ferocious appearance, contradicted by his gentle eyes, which wandered lovingly from one to another, while his bushy tail waved slowly to and fro. Having thus performed the rites according to his ideas of politeness, he proceeded to investigate the stranger.

Miss Lynn retreated in terror as the dog advanced.

"Keep perfectly still," said a deep voice from the door. "Do not move so much as a finger until he makes up his mind. If you are to be friends, he will wag his tail; if foes, he will growl, but will not attack you unless ordered. If he growls, I will turn him out promptly. You have nothing to fear; but it is always safer to remain motionless until a strange animal satisfies its curiosity regarding you."

She obeyed, partly because she was transfixed with fear. The dog threw up his head, gave another of his appalling howls, sat down with a puzzled air, as though to think it over, and after a moment or two very slightly moved his tail.

"You may speak to him now," said his master, "say something agreeable."

"Good dog!" murmured the lady, faintly.

Wolf was flattered by her submission, conquered by her sweet voice, and gravely offered his paw.

Miss Emery introduced Mr. Wolverton, while Wolf sped away to levy tax on the cook.

I always accept my dog's valuation and rely on his decisions," said Mr. Wolverton, as Miss Lynn, recovering herself, offered him coffee. "Now, it might startle you if I were to translate his mental process. He was not quite certain of you at first; he suspected you of being other than you seem, he—pardon me—doubted the sincerity of your intentions. By some especial endowment, which dogs possess and men lack, he at last concluded that you are to be trusted."

Miss Lynn looked extremely uncomfortable during this speech; she flushed painfully and did not immediately reply. Then she said in her cool, clear tone:

"Your dog seems to have the sixth and seventh senses."

"Which are——?"

"Sympathy and antipathy, according to the Eastern sages. 'Sympathy,' says Robert Fludd, 'is the offspring of light, and antipathy hath its meaning in darkness.'"

"Very good, I'll tell Wolf; he'll like that. But I came this evening with a message from my daughter. She had hurt her foot, stepped on a sharp stone and sustained a slight injury, which she is making the most of. She begs Miss Lynn to waive the ceremony of her formal call, and to come over with Miss Emery on Thursday afternoon. She promises a gypsy tea under the trees, and I believe intends to force the countersign and take you over my studios. I have finished a painting to which she has taken an abnormal fancy, and which she insists on exhibiting."

"If Miss Emery is willing I shall be more than happy. I am most flattered at the suggestion," replied Miss Lynn. "Go? of course we will go!" cried Christine, flushing with pleasure. "But, I am so sorry about Romaine's foot. Has Dr. Bolton seen it?"

Mr. Wolverton laughed. "The doctor was with us this afternoon; but she would not let me mention it, lest he might say there was nothing the matter. The injury is not serious; it is merely a good excuse for extracting concessions. You will come on Thursday, Dr. Bolton, and give us the benefit of your advice. There may be others there. I don't know. Romaine's plans are sufficiently elastic to embrace all possibilities."

"We'll all be there, never fear," said the doctor. "Don't make too light of Romaine's injury; those accidents are often very painful, even when not serious. But what's the subject of your picture?"

"'After a Storm on the Moorland.' I enjoyed painting it," he went on absently, as though thinking aloud. "I was pleased with it when I had finished it; but now I seem to see—there, never mind, I shall have an opportunity of testing the truth of my impression when you have examined the picture. That is really my reason for humoring my daughter in her desire to show you this composition. Where's Wolf? A thousand thanks, Miss Lynn; that cup of coffee was fit for a sultan. Miss Emery, good night!"

With a comprehensive bow to all he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared. Wolf, having been summoned by some preconcerted signal, followed his master, giving vent to his feelings in a parting howl which came echoing woefully over the hill.

"Well, how did the master of the melancholy mansion impress you?" asked Mr. Emery.

Miss Lynn hesitated. "I scarcely know," she answered slowly, after some thought. "He has been singularly handsome, I should say, and is still very striking, with his fair hair and Van Dyke beard; but perhaps from having heard he was eccentric, or from having seen his gloomy house, or—maybe—from other reasons, he seems to me like a man who has something on his mind, something very painful, which haunts him by day and by night."

Christine bent low over her tapestry, while her needle flew in and out; yet she was not losing a word.

"At the same time," continued Miss Lynn, "now that I have seen and spoken with Mr. Wolverton, I should be very loath to think he had a troubled conscience. He is certainly nervous and has an air of—well, of dread. As though he feared something, or sone one."

"Miss Lynn is very intelligent," said Dr. Bolton, a few moments later, as he stood in the hall with his host.. "She has a sort of double individuality," he went on, as he picked up his hat and cane and looked out to see if his gig was at the door. "Now I trust and again I suspect her. Can she have any motive in accepting this position in your house?"

"I share your impressions," replied his friend, "and so evidently did Wolverton and his dog—especially the dog."

"Trust a dumb animal for ferreting out a sceret," said the doctor, emphatically. "She is charming. I like her, and yet—well, I'll tell you what I think —no, after all, it is too late. I must defer it. Good night."

"Good night," returned Mr. Emery. "All the same," he thought, "I wish he had said what he was going to say. I wonder what made him change his mind?"

When he went back to the drawingroom he found his sister alone; Miss Lynn had gone to her room. Christine had laid her work aside and was leaning back with her eyes closed. He stood for a moment gazing sadly down at the sweet, tired face. Its pathetic patience was accentuated by the relaxation of the muscles and a few careworn lines were beginning to show; her usual brightness made her seem younger than she was, but now, evidently occupied with sad thoughts, she looked her thirty years.

Unconsciously he sighed. Christine opened her eyes and smiled, but it was easy to see that her smile was forced, for her eyelashes were wet with tears. There was a rare sympathy btween these two, which did not always require translation into words, and it was not difficult for Alan to guess what was distressing her. In his manly, truthful way he went straight to the point.

"You are troubled about Mr. Wolverton," he said; "but you must not exaggerate the difficulty. He is naturally what we call peculiar, and although Dr. Bolton speaks with professional caution, he seems to think the unfavorable mental symptoms are caused by the lingering effects of his late illness, and may disappear in time."

"I don't know," she answered listlessly. "It may be so; but you heard what Miss Lynn said about his having something on his mind?"

"Referring doubtless to his domestic misfortunes."

"Not that, no," said Christine coloring faintly. "I can't divest myself of the idea that Mr. Wolverton knows something about—about——"

"About Caryl?" he whispered, hoarsely. "Not possible! Now, if you had suggested that Miss Lynn was possessed of some such knowledge, I might have agreed with you."

"Miss Lynn!" echoed Christine, amazed in her turn. "What in the world could she know about it? And even if she and Mr. Wolverton do possess some secret knowledge of this dreadful calamity, it is certain they never met before tonight. Any one could see that, and the dog's manner to her proved it."

Mr. Emery mused. "Yes," he said, "they were evidently strangers to each other; but everything about Caryl's disappearance has been so enveloped in mystery that a little more or less does not seem to weigh."

"I disagree with you there," said his sister. "Every trifle is of weight; nothing is too insignificant to regard. If you really think Miss Lynn knows anything, would you advise me to speak to her about it?"

"You must use your discretion about that, Christine. I can trust you. If it appears to you at any time that she expects you to confide in her, or needs your aid, I authorize you to give it. I do not think she is working against us, there is nothing to indicate enmity or ill feeling. On the contrary she seems friendly and well-disposed. But how can one tell? She may be acting a part."

"I like her," said Christine. "I never once thought of mistrusting her. Just let me ask you one thing, Alan: Is there any one who could have had any motive in causing you this trouble? Have you an enemy?"

His face darkened. "I would so much rather not answer that, Christine."

"But I insist," she said gently.

CHAPTER IV.

"True and false, and false and true,
  Store of good, and evil store;
The day of our life is made of you,
  Ever and evermore."

"You know I have charge of Mr. Wolverton's affairs, and that I managed the case for him, when, after bearing his wife's follies with almost superhuman patience, and dreading her influence over Romaine, he obtained an annulment of his marriage. Imprudent as she had been, reckless as her life had become, she was yet passionately attached to her daughter and enjoyed the distinction of reigning as mistress of the Wolverton house. She thought her husband's patience would bear any amount of strain; but, as you know, she went beyond the bounds of the permissible, and he obtained his decree.

"She never forgave me for my share in the proceedings; in fact, she vowed vengeance. But I fail to see how she could be concerned in Caryl's disappearance. The idea has occurred to me, of course, and often, but the little evidence we have disproves it."

"Where is this woman now?" asked Christine in a low tone.

"I don't know. Mr. Wolverton has determined to sever all intercourse, and settled a sum of money on her sufficient for all requirements. There are no periodical payments, so I keep no record of her movements."

"You do not think she is dead?"

"No; in that event her lawyers would write regarding the principals to be returned, as she has only a life interest in the property."

"Ah, I see."

"Let me take this opportunity, Christine, to say how much I admire you—and Mr. Wolverton. Few people, attached as you are, would act with your self-denial. Yet, sometimes I question if you are right, if this is not yielding to a mere sentiment. A man is either married or he is not. Wolverton's marriage was unconditionally dissolved; he is free."

Christine moved uneasily.

"Please don't Alan," she said. "I could not look at it in that light. Mr. Wolverton has never mentioned the subject to me. I am sure he knows it would be painful to me."

"Yes, I suppose he knows it," said her brother with a sad smile; "he understands you so well. But tell me, Christine, have you any theory to offer about this mania of his regarding a profile?"

Miss Emery's brows contracted quickly. "But is it a mania?" she queried. "Romaine has spoken to me about it; she sees it, too, and so it can't be idle fancy."

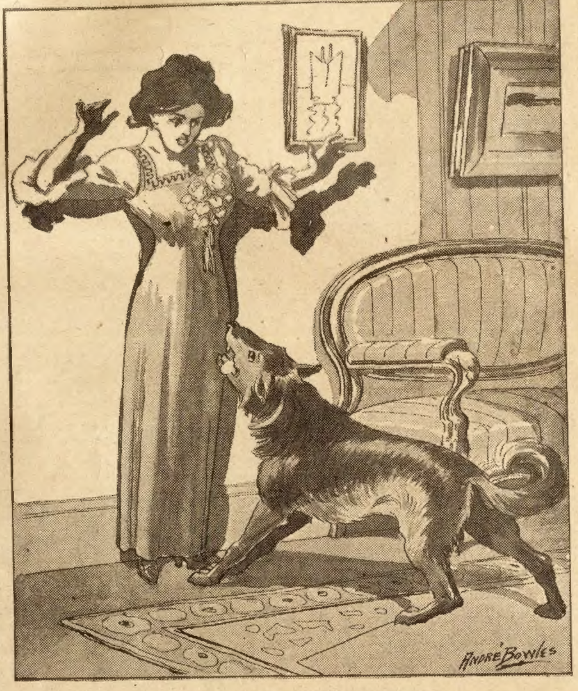
"Romaine is so much alone and the old place is so full of queer nooks and crannies that it is not to be wondered at if her father's eccentricities affect her mind. She is an imaginative girl; just the sort of person to believe in ghosts and hear weird sounds."

"But, Alan," said his sister with a perplexed air, "what will you say when I tell you that I have seen this curious outline in some form or other every time I have been over at Wolverton's—that is, for some time past?"

"You, too? Well!" he looked surprised and interested. "Since when have you seen it? And what is it like?"

Miss Emery mused. "The first time I noticed it was one rainy day when I went over to see Romaine. It must have been last Spring. We had been in her room and were coming down the stairs together, when she gave an exclamation of annoyance or dismay. I stopped and suddenly became aware of a damp blotch on the wall beside me, which had taken the very distinct form of a rather singular profile. Romaine made no further comment and offered no explanation, and I said nothing; but after I had noticed the some outline on the trunk of a tree and the fly leaf of a book she lent me, I spoke to her about it, and found that she shared her father's persecution. They are haunted, she told me, at every turn, by this forbidding face."

"I have heard," said Mr. Emery quietly, "that people afflicted with certain forms of hypochondria arrange unpleasant combinations and then insist that they are persecuted."



Miss Lynn retreated in terror.

'Yes, I know that," answered his sister, "but I don't think either Mr. Wolverton or Romaine capable of such deceit."

Mr. Emery did not reply. He was thinking that there must always be a cause for every effect, and that if there was an outline there must be a hand to produce it. Who so likely to draw a singular and never-varying profile as the artist himself? But he did not express his thoughts.

"What are you thinking about, Christine?" he asked, a moment or two later. "You look as if you were listening to something."

"I thought I heard the front door close very softly," she whispered, with the air of one straining to hear; "and I am almost sure there is a step on the gravel."

"You are nervous," replied her brother calmly. "We musn't let Wolverton's vagaries possess us, too. I heard nothing. Please pass me the paper knife; I want to cut the leaves of this review."

He was soon lost in an article of absorbing interest, and Miss Emery, who had taken up a book had forgotten everything else in following the fortunes of her heroine, when through the stillness of the night came the distinct click of a latchkey, the stealthy closing of a door.

Mr. Emery threw down his magazine and hastened to the hall, but was only in time to hear the swish of a woman's dress on the stairs above. He returned to the parlor, and the two exchanged a long look of expressive amazement.

"Miss Lynn has been out," said Mr. Emery. "Now, why? Could she have wished to speak with Mr. Wolverton?"

"At this time of night!" cried Christine, indignantly. "Why could she not have waited for a more suitable occasion, and what on earth could she have to say to Mr. Wolverton?"

It was long before they knew.

* * * * * *

Mr. Wolverton, after leaving his friends, walked briskly toward his home with a lighter heart than he had had for some time. The coffee, which he was not accustomed to drink at that hour, perhaps had a stimulating effect. Miss Lynn's exquisite playing had pleased him, and above all, Christine's calm, sweet face as she bent above her bright tapestry had soothed his fevered brow and anxious mind. He felt strangely peaceful, almost happy, and Wolf seemed to understand, for he capered, pranced and barked in his doggish contentment.

But the respite was short. The artist had crossed the hill and reached the wide old-fashioned grated gates of his home when he heard steps hurrying behind him, and turned to see who could be following him. The foot-falls were light and swift, evidently a woman's tread. Wolf growled and then half wagged his tail; after that he sat down on his haunches with a detached indifferent air, as of a dog that did not fully understand and was determined to wash his paws of the affair.

A slender form, muffled in a long garment and with a large square of flowered lace thrown over the head and face, so as to conceal the features, approached and silently held out a small object, which he took somewhat unwillingly.

Turning, she hastened away and was almost instantly lost in the shadow of a thicket. Mr. Wolverton hesitated a moment, then not minded to allow any woman, friend or foe, to find her way alone at such at hour, he spoke to his dog and started in pursuit.

Wolf's nose went to the ground, and his master's eye, following the movement, was attracted by the glitter of a precious stone. He stooped and picked up a little pendant, which—to his surprise he recognized; he had noticed it as it dangled and flashed from a bracelet on Miss Emery's wrist.

Christine! what could induce her, the most conventional of women, always so timid and prudent in all her ways, to approach him in this mysterious fashion? But this was no moment to pause and ponder, when she might be frightened, or losing herself in darkness. Wolf was whining impatiently and his master strode back, a little angrily, it must be confessed, for he was tired and sick of puzzles.

He had his walk for his trouble; whoever it was had taken a different road home. Wolf followed some trail up to the door of Mr. Emery's house, and then ran down to the side path. Ah! the short cut through the grove, that was the way she had come back.

"Wolf, old fellow, we blundered; but as she is safely home, let us hie ourselves to our own roof and investigate this object, which appears to be a box."

Wolf safely housed in his kennel, Mr. Wolverton let himself in quietly and went to his own apartments through the dim, unlighted halls. When he reached his chamber he lit a lamp, drew up an easy chair, and placing the little box on the table beside him, gazed moodily through the wide-open French window where the dark branches of a large willow were surging and writhing under the night wind. So close was the tree that at times the slender boughs touched the sill with ghostly taps. Dudley Wolverton loved the sound of the wind symphony and the rounded, dome-like masses of swaying foliage, and he listened entranced until his eyes closed and he fell asleep.

The soft yet shrill trilling of a bird awoke him at the gray of dawn; he started up, dull and stiff from his constrained position. The lamp was still burning; it looked wan and unreal in the half-light, and the little box lay on the table where he had placed it.

He took it up doubtfully, uncertain whether to defer the opening, as he was too weary to feel much curiosity concerning it, and then he observed for the first time that there was writing on the wrapper. Holding it close to the lamp he read:

"I do not knew the contents of this box, nor anything about it, beyond the fact that one whom I trust requested me to place it in your hands at the earliest opportunity."

There was no signature and the handwriting was unfamiliar. His curiosity stimulated, he tore away the covering, removed another which was sealed, and examined the box. It was small and of silver, evidently an old-time snuff box as elderly gentlemen used to glory in possessing.

He turned it about admiringly for a moment, and then lifted the lid.

This wonderful story will be continued in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during this year. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *

An Affair of Honor.

An Englishman and a Frenchman had got into a wordy squabble, which led to mutual insults and a challenge. Nothing could save the honor of either of them but a duel.

But duels were not fought to kill. Even serious wounds were unpleasant, and a mere scratch would answer the purpose much better. So that the antagonists might have a better chance of missing each other they repaired to a dark room.

All was in readiness. The signal was given. The Englishman, no less eager to preserve his foe than himself, groped to the open fireplace. He pointed his pistol up the chimney and fired.

"And, by Jove, he brough down the Frenchman!"

* * *

DEAFNESS AND HEAD-NOISES

Joyful News for Sufferers—Interesting Book Given Free.

Those who have tried in vain to regain good hearing are the persons that are strongest in their praise of a new remarkable home treatment. After being wholly or partially deaf for many years, and after trying numerous medicines, apparatus, treatments, ear-devices and aurists' prescriptions in vain, legions who are now cured, unite in telling of the wonders being accomplished by Dr. George E. Coutant, 6 F Station E, New York, N. Y. He describes his method in a very interesting illustrated treatise which he will send without cost, to anyone who writes him, merely asking for the free book.

We advise all who are troubled with their hearing or with ringing noises in the head, to take advantage of this liberal free offer.

* * *

At the Wedding.

Stodgers went to a wedding reception and found himself crowded in a corner with a stout lady.

"Beastly crowd," said Stodgers. "Wedding receptions are such a bore. I came only because I promised the bride. Nice little thing. Rather sweet, but tiresome. Bridegroom looks like a horrid bounder. Don't know him, do you?"

"Yes," replied the stout lady, "I'm his mother."

"How unfortunate!" stammered Stodgers, with an attempt at a smile. "Of course, I must have got him mixed with his younger brother."

And then he struggled back through the crowd and went home.

* * *

$5 WHISKEY FOR ONLY 12C.

Because of a fight which the Mail Order Whiskey Trust is making on him, M. Marcel of 1939 Main St., Kanass City, Mo., has published a book in which he prints the trade formula of the Trust and exposes its secrets, showing that the whiskey they sell for from $3 to $5 per gallon costs only 10c to 12c to make. He sends the book free to all who write for it.

* * *

She Would Desert Him.

He—Marie, suppose you and I were all alone on a desert island, what is the first thing you would do?

She—Thank goodness that I knew how to swim.

The Blood-Stained Glove

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By Granville Osborne

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 4, Jan. 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

KATE HOHENBERG was, in good truth, "in for a very rough time." The knowledge of this fact dawned upon her slowly; yet it was written large upon the faces of every man and woman whom she met upon that terrible day.

Kate's own relatives rallied to her side. Her brother, Earl Winterham, arrived early upon the scene, protesting his eagerness to be of use. His wife came, too—a feather-brained, feather-hearted little lady, full of sympathy, and eager questions, animated by one leading idea, that as the widow of Lesley Hohenberg, Kate must at once order her mourning.

"It will make all the difference tomorrow," said Mrs. Winterham, confidentially to her husband. "Kate can wear black, and look well in it, as her complexion is good."

"What difference do you mean?" demanded her husband.

"Why, you know, there must be an inquest. Isn't it horrid! I thought it was only quite common people who had to have inquests held over them. But of course they will all be very gentle with Kate when they see how beautiful she is!"

"Gentle with her?" said Earl. "What on earth do you mean? Good heavens, Iris! You do not mean to hint——"

"Of course not, dear! Still, you know, Kate does seem a little wee bit vague when she speaks about the end of the dance; and I can't think how her glove got into the wrong room. Of course we all know that Hohenberg was detestable, and she can't be expected to be broken-hearted. But she must manage to look so, for that is what the public expects from any one in her position."

"Hohenberg was a beast!" said Winterham. "I never could understand why she married him. I thought she cared for——"

"For whom?" asked Iris, curiously.

"Oh, well, never mind! There was another fellow, once."

"He did not happen to be at the dance, I suppose?"

"Certainly not! He never came near the house. Upon my word, Iris, you must be careful! If that man had been there, I suppose you would have made out that she sat up talking to him."

On the next day a coroner's jury assembled in the great diningroom of the Hohenberg mansion. They inspected the hall, ballroom, conservatory, and finally the dead man's study.

The first witnesses called were the servants who had locked up the house that night. They were quite firm in their statements that all the doors had been fastened, all were found shut and bolted the next morning. No one had been left on the ground floor that evening except the hostess, their mistress, who was in the ballroom.

Had they seen their master go out? No, they had not: but his dress suit had been found lying in his room, where he must have changed to the gray suit in which he had been found.

Could Mr. Hohenberg have left the house unobserved? Certainly he could, by way of the garden door, to which he had a key, the said key having been found in his pocket. He could also have returned the same way.

Evidence as to the weapon used by the murderer was next forthcoming. It was proved conclusively that the Indian creese was one of the knives in Hohenberg's own collection, and that it usually hung from a nail in the hall.

"It seems a positive invitation to violence on the part of a burglar," commented the coroner.

The glove was next produced, and Miss Parker's name was called. That damsel was firmly resolved that no pressure should induce her to say anything that might injure her mistress. Had she seen the glove before? Parker could not say. Were they the gloves belonging to Mrs. Hohenberg? Parker could not say. Well, were they the same size? Parker, shuddering slightly at the red stain on the glove held out to her, said the size was that used by her mistress. Were not the two gloves mates; the one she had brought from her mistress' room and the one found in the study? Parker could not say.

"You are bound to answer questions, and to answer them truthfully," said the coroner sharply.

Parker expressed the opinion that white suede gloves were all much alike—that was to say, when they were the same size and length, and made by the same firm. She refused to commit herself in any way, only warming up to any show of animation when she had to relate the manner in which her mistress had received the news of the tragedy.

"There she was," said the maid, "sleeping like a child, and as beautiful and innocent as a baby. Her dress full length on a sofa so that it shouldn't crush, her jewels put away, and her beautiful hair brushed out, and she, as one could see, gone to sleep without thought of harm."

At length Mrs. Hohenberg was summoned, and she sank wearily into the chair which was placed for her facing the light. Her own answers to the police inspector's questions were read over to her. Was it true that she had spent the hour between four and five in the ballroom? Mrs. Hohenberg assented The coroner looked very grave.

"I must point out to you that you told the inspector that you were certain your husband was not in his study, because you had been in the room? Was this the case?"

"I told him that I had looked into the room as I passed."

"I must ask you another question. Were you on good terms with your husband?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell anything about his affairs? His income must have been very large. Do you know from what investments or other sources this income was derived?"

"No."

"Cursory examination of his papers and inquiries at his bank have revealed no record of investments which would bring in anything like the sum he must have spent annually. I am informed there was no marriage settlement on yourself?"

"I believe not."

"It is rather an extraordinary state of affairs, gentlemen," said the coroner. "The deceased must have spent from thirty to forty thousand a year, possibly more, but he leaves a fortune which would not bring in as many hundreds. You, Mrs. Hohenberg, have no idea how that income was obtained?"

Three days earlier Kate could have answered "No," with a clear conscience; but today the memory of Frank's conversation caused her to hesitate.

"My husband never discussed his money matters with me," she said.

"I will tell you that a suggestion has been made that Mr. Hohenberg received large sums from a foreign government, for purposes which it is difficult to define."

Kate's apathy fell from her like a mantle.

"Who—who says it?" she demanded.

"Mrs. Hohenberg, let me entreat you to be frank with me. It will be to your own advantage. Remember, you are on your oath. Has such an idea ever crossed your mind?"

Kate was silent.

"How long have you known it?" was the next question.

"Only a short time ago."

"Who told you?"

"I cannot say."

The coroner sighed for he was very sorry for the white-faced woman who seemed bent on injuring herself.

"You see that knife," he said. "Do you recognize it?"

"Yes; it belonged to Mr. Hohenberg. He collected arms of all kinds."

"Did it hang in your hall?"

"Yes. I took it down that night."

"Why?"

"Because I thought I heard a sound in the study. I though it might be a burglar, so I armed myself with the knife and went to the room; but there was no one there.'

"What did you do with the knife?"

"I suppose I put it down somewhere, and also my glove. I forgot all about it when I saw there was no cause for alarm."

"The knife was found buried in your husband's heart," said the coroner, "and the glove, stained with blood, was on the floor."

Kate shuddered slightly, but said nothing.

"Mrs. Hohenberg, you were acquainted with the mechanism of your husband's writing table?"

She inclined her head.

"It had an artfully concealed secret drawer, or rather a nest of secret drawers. Did you know how they could be opened?"

"Not exactly," said Kate. "I gathered that some spring would release them; but I never opened them."

"Yet the fingerprints still visible on the polished wood are your own."

This statement was an enormous relief to Kate. Thank Heaven, they were her fingermarks! Frank had taken the precaution of wearing gloves.

"When Mr. Hohenberg was discovered," said the coroner, with ever-increasing gravity, those secret drawers were open, but empty. What had they contained?"

"I do not know."

"You have nothing else to tell us which could possibly throw a light upon the mystery of this crime?"

"No, except that as I was going to sleep about five o'clock, I had a fleeting impression that I had heard some one moving about downstairs; but I went to sleep and forgot all about it."

She was allowed to go, and was received in another room by her sister-in-law with torrents of ready sympathy.

Meanwhile the coroner, having listened to the medical evidence and elicited the fact that the wound could not been self-inflicted, and also having received an expression of opinion that the force used would not have been beyond the power of an average woman, proceeded to address the jury. He pointed out to them that the unguarded state of the conservatory door made it perfectly possible that the criminal was not a member of the household, since the door of the garden opened into a side street, and any one might have scaled the wall in the darkness.

"The fact is, gentlemen," he added, "this is not a case of plain sailing; this is not an ordinary crime with a commonplace motive. There is reason to believe that Mr. Hohenberg was is America on a political mission. He may have had enemies of whom we know nothing; he was almost certainly under the observation of other agents. We have not sufficient evidence before us to determine whether this was a crime of passion or one with political motive."

The jury debated the evidence amongst themselves with keen interest. In the end they came to a sort of agreement amongst themselves that the most probable thing was that Mrs. Hohenberg had surprised her husband with some compromising papers, and had been immensely indignant at the revelation of the part he was playing; they recalled the fact that the Winterhams were always loyal, and constructed in their own minds a scene in which the lady had at first reproached her husband, and finally, in a burst of patriotic fervor, stabbed him to the heart.

In the end, by the coroner's advice, the inquest was adjourned, in order to allow time for the collection of fresh evidence. But it was perfectly well understood that Mrs. Hohenberg lay under a cloud of deep suspicion, and that the issuing of a warrant for her arrest was only a question of a few hours.

CHAPTER V.

No one knew better the danger overshadowing Kate Hohenberg, than did that lady herself. If only she had been able to tell the whole truth at the inquest! If only that torturing fear that

GRAND TO LIVE

And the Last Laugh is Always the Best.

"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman. "Now I laugh to know there is.

"Since childhood I drank coffee freely as did the other members of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl; and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down, till last winter, at the age of 38, I seemed to be on the verge of consumption.

"My friends greeted me with 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting."

"The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged.

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change.

"I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of en'urance was more than doubled.

"The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong.

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and homemaking became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when they enquire what brought it about I answer 'Postum, and nothing else in the world.' " Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Pimples Removed Quickly.

The Calcium Sulphide Treatment Does Wonders to Every Kind of Skin Eruption.

Trial Package Sent Free to Prove It.

You don't want to wait forever and a day to get rid of your pimples or other skin eruptions. You want to get rid of them right now. Next week you may want to go somewhere where you wouldn't like to have to take the pimples along.

"I Got Rid of My Pimples in a Few Days With Stuart's Calcium Wafers."

You can get rid of them just in time by taking Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

These wonderful little workers have cured bad boils in three days, and some cases of skin diseases in a week.

They contain as their main ingredient the most thorough, quick and effective blood cleanser known, calcium sulphide.

Remember this, too, that most pimple treatments reek with poison. And they are miserably slow besides.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers have not a particle of poison in them. They are free from mercury, biting drugs or venomous opiates. This is absolutely guaranteed. They cannot do any harm, but they always do good—good that you can see in the mirror before your own eyes a few days after.

Don't be any longer humiliated by having a splotchy face. Don't have strangers stare at you, or allow your friends to be ashamed of you because of your face.

Your blood makes you what you are. The men and women who forge ahead are those with pure blood and pure faces.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers will make you happy because your face will be a welcome sight not only to yourself when you look into the glass, but to everybody else who knows you and talks to you.

We want to prove to you that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are beyond doubt the best and quickest blood and skin purifier in the world—so we will send you a free sample as soon as we get your name and address. Send for it today, and then when you have tried the sample you will not rest contented until you have bought a 50c package at your druggists.

Send us your name and address on the coupon below and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 374 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

F. A. STUART CO.,
374 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Send me at once by return mail, a trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers, absolutely free, to prove its remarkable results.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

Moving Picture Machine Free

63 VIEWS
WONDERFUL MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

This MARVELOUS MOVING PICTURE Machine shows pictures in motion the same as the very expensive machines used in theatres. With this machine you can entertain your friends and even make money giving exhibitions. We give this wonderful machine complete with films, 63 Views, for selling only 24 NEW MOTTO PICTURES at 10c each. Regular price 25c. SEND NO MONEY. Write for Pictures and large Premium List today. When sold, send us $2.40 and complete Moving Picture Machine and 63 Views will be sent you promptly. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED. ALTON WATCH & MDSE. CO., DEPT. 1338 CHICAGO, ILL.

Ladies—Free Dinner Set

of 31 pieces given to you if you join our Dish Club within 20 days. Club limited to 450 members. DON'T COST YOU ONE CENT TO JOIN. We also give you EXTRA PRESENT with Dinner Set, free of all cost. Simply send us your name and ask for BOTH PRESENTS. Address MGR. DISH CLUB, Dept. P, TOPEKA, KANSAS

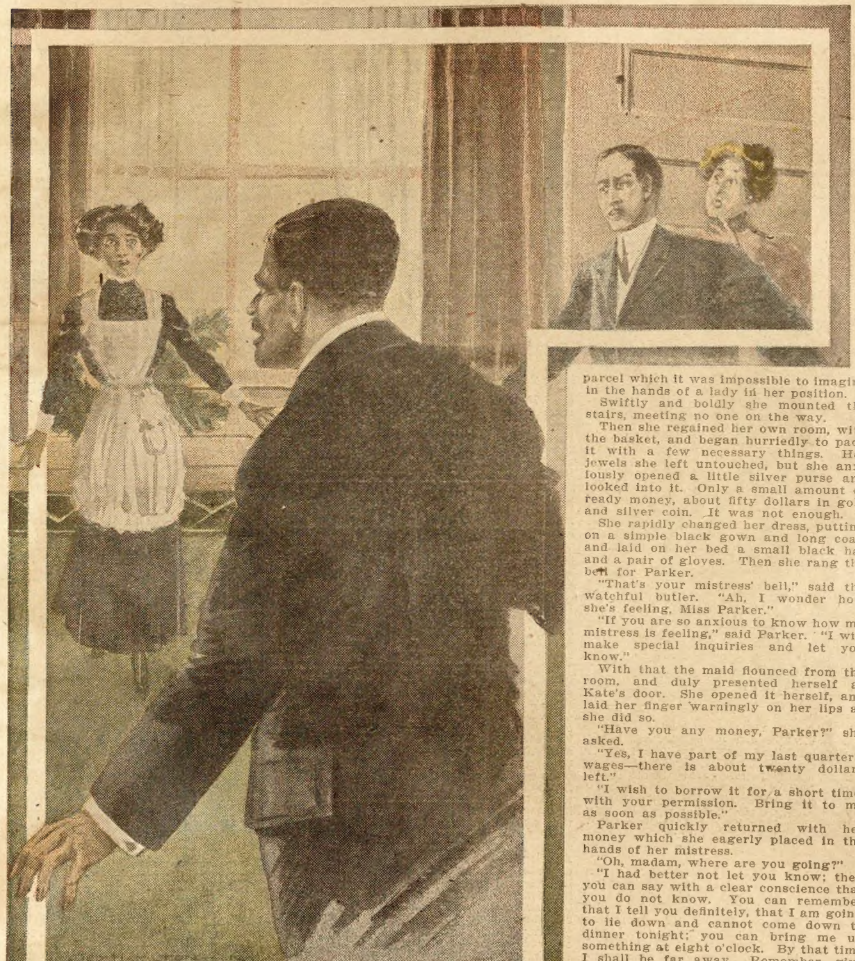
HYPNOTISM EASILY LEARNED. Write for free particulars to E. ROY NEFCE, Johnston City, Ill.

MONEY $ $ for wise men, $ $ key free. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

by an unguarded statement she might fatally compromise Frank Dalrymple and annul the victory he had won by his daring raid had not stood ever at her elbow and frozen the words on her lips!

Not that Kate for one instant believed that Frank had any connection with the crime; the question had but presented itself to her mind to be at once dismissed. If she were to confess that she had allowed him to search her husband's writing-table, would it not occur to every one that Hohenberg had put in an inconvenient appearance and had been killed in consequence?

She dared not speak. Frank had warned her that it was of the utmost importance to conceal the exchange of papers. There were already many signs of the approach of a political crisis; an entirely unforeseen dispute had suddenly arisen between the United States and another Power, and it was quite possible that the latter might seize upon this pretext to make a sudden raid on the American Coast. It was on this account that Hohenberg's theft of the papers from the War Office had been so important, for without the plans he had obtained, the landing of a large force would be almost an impossibility.



"I cannot find mistress."

Kate had promised to remain silent, and she would keep her word; but the prospect of being sent to prison to await her trial was one which she could not view with calmness. Of course it would all come right in the end—it must—but meanwhile the only idea which occurred to her mind was that she might as well take refuge in flight.

Was this practicable? Kate thought it out very carefully. Who was on her side? Parker, undoubtedly, but of the other servants she could not be sure. With Parker's help it might be possible to leave the house openly through the front door, for only one policeman was left in the house, and although he was supposed to remain in the hall, he was fast becoming a devoted admirer of the sprightly maid, and could surely be enticed from his post.

But where to go? Kate thought until her head ached. Suddenly a light flashed across her mind. She would surely be traced if she went to the house of any relative or society friend. Although her own family would doubtless be true to her, their servants would be sure to talk, and it would be impossible to conceal her presence from such households. But there were households in which no servants were kpet, where no particular inquiries were made into the business of any inmates, provided they could pay their rent. Mrs. Hohenberg knew one such house well. She had been induced by an earnest worker amongst the poor, to visit on one occasion, a certain house in a mean street in the suburbs. Here lived two good women, a mother and a daughter, who earned a slender living by making ladies' costumes, coats, and skirts.

Kate had been very much struck by the patience and the good temper of these women; she had admired their honest independence and pride, and the tender affection which each had for the other.

She remembered also that they were the tenants of the whole of the small house in which they lived, and that their furniture still showed signs of having been once both good and solid, and that the old rooms were spotlessly clean.

They lived in the two down-stair rooms and rented the two rooms on the upper floor, which they did not use. It was over a year since she had paid her first visit, and a very genuine feeling of friendship had sprung up between Kate and the dressmakers.

She remembered another point in her favor. When she was taken there on the first occasion, she had begged her friend to avoid any personal references, so the Whites had merely caught the name, "Hohenberg." The Whites would be quite sure to take her in, if only their rooms were unrented, and Kate had a vague remembrance that when she had last seen them they were deploring the approaching departure of a good tenant.

Could she get so far unobserved? She thought she could. It had been her habit to dress herself when she made these visits in the simplest black gown she possessed and to go in a taxicab to the suburban home. No one else was aware of her charitable visits, for Mrs. Hohenberg disliked the modern version of the Good Samaritan, a being who manages to get an excellent advertisement out of the man who has fallen among the thieves.

She glanced quickly at her clock. Half past six, and sufficiently dusk, to allow her to go out without being too easily seen and identified.

A light Japanese basket held by a stout strap, lay, she knew in a storeroom on the floor above. If she could get that, it would be a good thing in every way, a receptacle large enough to take a few of the necessary things which she would want, and at the same time the sort of parcel which it was impossible to imagine in the hands of a lady in her position.

Swiftly and boldly she mounted the stairs, meeting no one on the way.

Then she regained her own room, with the basket, and began hurriedly to pack it with a few necessary things. Her jewels she left untouched, but she anxiously opened a little silver purse and looked into it. Only a small amount of ready money, about fifty dollars in gold and silver coin. It was not enough.

She rapidly changed her dress, putting on a simple black gown and long coat, and laid on her bed a small black hat and a pair of gloves. Then she rang the bell for Parker.

"That's your mistress' bell," said the watchful butler. "Ah, I wonder how she's feeling, Miss Parker."

"If you are so anxious to know how my mistress is feeling," said Parker. "I will make special inquiries and let you know."

With that the maid flounced from the room, and duly presented herself at Kate's door. She opened it herself, and laid her finger warningly on her lips as she did so.

"Have you any money, Parker?" she asked.

"Yes, I have part of my last quarter's wages—there is about twenty dollars left."

"I wish to borrow it for a short time, with your permission. Bring it to me as soon as possible."

Parker quickly returned with her money which she eagerly placed in the hands of her mistress.

"Oh, madam, where are you going?"

"I had better not let you know; then you can say with a clear conscience that you do not know. You can remember that I tell you definitely, that I am going to lie down and cannot come down to dinner tonight; you can bring me up something at eight o'clock. By that time I shall be far away. Remember, give the alarm at once that I am missing, but not on any account before eight o'clock, or you will be suspected and questioned. Now tell me, is any in the hall?"

"All the servants are downstairs; but the—the man——"

"The policeman, yes. Where is he?"

"Sitting in the conservatory, madam, where he can watch the garden and the hall, too."

"Very well, can you get him away from there for a few minutes?"

"I could take him a cigar, ma'am, from master's smokingroom, and tell him he'd better smoke it just outside in the garden. Then, if I am talking to him, I'll see he doesn't get a look into the hall."

"Good!" said Kate. "Then go. Good-by Parker, for the present! I shall never forget your faithfulness."

Kate held out her hand as she spoke. "Don't cry," she added, "or it will attract attention; you must appear perfectly natural."

Parker sped downstairs and made her way to the smokingroom. Here she found an opened box of cigars and some matches, and armed with these sought out Detective John Smith in the conservatory.

$1.00 Package Free

Quickly restores gray or faded hair to natural color; removes dandruff, stops falling hair and itching scalp. Grows new hair and makes the hair of man, woman or child heavy and beautifully glossy..

Fill in your name and address on the blank lines below, cut out the coupon and mail to The Foso Company, 2523 Foso Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose ten cents in stamps or silver as an evidence of good faith and to help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 package will be sent you at once by mail prepaid, free of charge. Mail Free Coupon Today.

FREE $1.00 PACKAGE COUPON 2523
Name ....
City ....
Street ....
State .... R. F. D.............

Want New Suit?

It will cost you nothing, it is positively yours if you act at once. Everybody needs clothes, your friend, neighbor or acquaintance will buy of you. The easiest thing in the world. Show our up-to-date line of woolen samples—our extremely low prices—beautiful fashion plates and the profit on two orders will pay for your suit. Hundreds have started in a good paying business—why not you? **Big Outfit Free!** We give you a much larger selection, a bigger and better line of samples, make our prices lower than any other house in the U.S. Our system insures a better fit, better workmanship and quicker service. We guarantee a perfect fit, take all risk and ship on approval. **We want Live Men** to represent us. Our agents make as high as **$15.00 a day.** Take up the clothing business as a side line. You need no money or experience. We furnish everything to start.

FREE! Complete sample outfit, including big assortment of cloth samples, latest fashions, tape measure and special offers that will surprise you. **Write today.** This is a wonderful opportunity to make some money.

Capitol Tailors, 106 Capitol Bldg., Chicago

Get Your Motorcycle At Wholesale Agents' Price $139.65

THE first man in each locality who buys a 1912 American Motorcycle or Bicycle gets it at wholesale actual factory price. American Bicycles—the only bicycles now made by the good old hand-work. I guarantee them to wear for life. American Motorcycle—only $139.65 model 12—with all American superiorities in construction, complete equipment, every up-to-date feature; this price illustrates big value given in all American Motorcycles. Details of model 12, illustrated, on request. In writing, state whether interested in Motorcycle or Bicycle.

American Motorcycles and Bicycles

$18.85

President
AMERICAN MOTOR CYCLE CO.,
332 American Bldg., Chicago

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE

Wonderful Moving Picture Machine with two films with 63 views, ALL FREE for selling 24 Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each. Get this and earn lots of money. Write for Jewelry. When sold return $2.40 and we send Moving Picture Machine and films with Sixty-three views.

WITH 63 VIEWS

Columbia Novelty Co., Dept.493, East Boston, Mass.

22 CAL. RIFLE FREE

Kills at 100 yards. Peep sights, lever action, walnut stock, barrel blue black gun metal. Write for 30 Jewelry Sets to sell at 10c a set. When sold return $3 and we send rifle. Columbia Novelty Co., Dept.838, East Boston, Mass.

Let Us Send You a Genuine Edison Phonograph On FREE TRIAL

right to your own home without a cent from you. No C. O. D. No obligations. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. $2.00 a month now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph at Rock Bottom prices and without even interest on monthly payments.

Send today for our beautiful Free Edison Catalog. A postal will do, but send at once.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distr.,
Suite 5021 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

GENUINE 21 JEWELED $50.00 GOLD WATCH. $3.95

$3.95 buys an elegantly engraved New Thin Model Accurate Stem Wind & Stem Set high grade Ruby Jeweled Ladies' or Gents' watch which is fully GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS write if you want Ladies or Gents' Open Face or Double Hunting Case watch and we will send it for FREE EXAMINATION and if after examining the watch at your express office you consider it equal to a 21 Jeweled $50.00 Gold watch pay $3.95 and express charges for this handsome watch and FREE watch chain.
RELIABLE WATCH CO. Dept.37 CHICAGO

125 USEFUL ARTICLES Sent Prepaid 10c
Things that you need and use every day. Wonderful offer to introduce our Bargain Catalog. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Agents wanted. BARGAIN SUPPLY HOUSE, Dept. 20 Chicago

CARDS Send 2c Stamp for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Bean Catcher and list of 3000 Songs given Free. OHIO CARD CO., B 22 Cadiz, Ohio.

YOU Need a Telescope

It enables you to see objects miles away. Vacationists can multiply their joys with it; it brings the country around right up to their eyes. You can watch incoming or passing ships—see men on board. For farmers and ranchmen it is an absolute necessity. they can keep their eyes on their cattle, horses or men when far out in the fields.

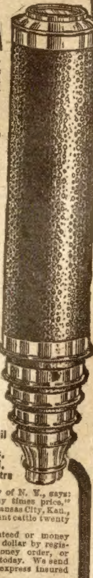
Over 3½ ft. Long.

The Sign of Quality

SOLAR EYE PIECE

For studying celestial phenomena, particularly the recurring sun spots, this solar eyepiece will allow a careful study of Old Sol and solar eclipses. This attachment *alone* is worth *more* than the entire price to any one interested in this science. Free with the

EXCELSIOR TELESCOPE



Eyepiece of telescope can be used as a microscope to detect insects or germs in plants or vegetables.

The Excelsior Telescope is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. The lenses are carefully ground and correctly adjusted by experts. It is brass bound, and besides the solar eyepiece, has a brass dust cover at the end. Closed, the telescope is 12 inches, and has a circumference of 5¾ inches. It opens over 3½ feet long in five sections.

Telescopes of this size usually cost $5.00 to $8.00—even without a solar eyepiece. For $1.00 you can now have a telescope with these advantages.

COULD SEE SUN SPOTS

Rutland, Vt., Feb. 16th, 1910

Telescope arrived O.K. I have seen the spots on the sun for the first time in my life.

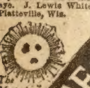
Dan C. Safford, Rutland, Vt.

COULD COUNT WINDOWS AND TELL COLORS SEVEN MILES AWAY

Newark, Ill., Feb. 9th, 1911

There is a large farm seven miles from where I live and I can count the windows and tell its color. Leslie Scofield.

At 10 miles distance could see objects invisible to the naked eye. J. Lewis White, Platteville, Wis.



The Mysterious Sun Spots

PRICE $1.00

By Mail or Express, Insured, 20c extra

L. S. Henry of N. Y., says: "Worth many times price." E. G. Patton, Kansas City, Kan., says: "Could count cattle twenty miles away."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send us your dollar by registered letter, postal money order, or bank draft to our order, today. We send the telescope by mail or express insured for 20 cents extra.

Our Illustrated Bargain Catalogue sent free with each telescope

KIRTLAND BROS. & CO.

DEPT. CBL, 90 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK

RHEUMATISM

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It.

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 116 Alhambra Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

FREE Moving Picture Machine

NOT A TOY
MOVING PICTURE MACHINE and MAGIC LANTERN

Boys and girls, here is your chance **FREE!** to secure a dandy moving picture outfit—machine and films all ready to give a show—absolutely free. It flashes clear, life-like moving pictures upon the screen, as are shown in the regular moving picture shows.

SEND YOUR NAME TODAY for 12 packages of our beautiful post cards to distribute among your friends on our special offer. When distributed send us money collected, and we will ship the machine, 2 films, including 63 colored views. ALL FREE, prepaid. Satisfaction or money refunded. **Moving Picture Mfrs., Dept. 52, Topeka, Kan.**

BECOME AN EXPERT AUTO DRIVER.

Golden opportunities for bright young men in this newest and most profitable vocation. Experts in great demand. Jobs numerous; work easy and very interesting; salaries, **$35 to $60 A WEEK.** Our systematic course of training—clear, easy, complete—will positively make you an expert automobilist. Only few weeks home study necessary while holding present job. Personal attention given each student, together with complete working model free. Road lessons. SMALL PAYMENT STARTS YOU. Write at once for particulars. We help you to a good position. Address

Buffalo Automobile School, 77-E Edward Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

ASTHMA The Best Cure in the world. It is no fraud. It helps you in one day. Write today and get well.

Price $2.00. A. C. FLAGG, COREYS, New York

"Why, Miss Parker," said the gallant Smith, "it seems ages since you left me alone with no better company than the flowers!"

Parker appeared to bridle with pleasure. "Well, I've only got a moment," she said, "but, knowing what you gentlemen are, with your love for that nasty tobacco, I've brought you one of the master's cigars. They'll only spoil if left open, and he don't want them any more, poor man!"

Smith's eyes glistened.

"What a thoughtful wife you'll make for some happy man!" he said. "And the matches, too? Miss Parker, you're a jewel!"

"I shall be a jewel out of my setting if you let the smell of it drift into the house," she said. "You stand just by the door into the garden, and then the smoke will blow out."

"No one is stirring, is there?" he asked

"No one. The house is quite. My mistress is in her own room."

Smith opened the door into the garden and stood there smoking in high content, indulging in playful badinage with the guileless Parker.

Kate gave her handmaiden just ten minutes in which to effect her purpose, and then came swiftly and lightly down the stairs to the hall. The door opened noiselessly and was noiselessly closed, and Kate stood outside in the dark night, alone.

No one noticed her in any way; she turned very quickly down the side street and carried her bundle as far as the junction of the streets, where she entered a cab which stopped at the corner, and asked to be put down at the obscure street in which the Whites lived.

Within the Hohenberg mansion perfect quiet reigned. The butler, mistrusting Parker's long-continued absence, came on a tour of inspection and was much nettled to find the lady of his heart engaged in what appeared to be a lively flirtation with another man, but none the less, he helped himself to a chair, and settled down to make a third in the conversation.

Parker presently withdrew, and the butler forgetting his jealousy, proceeded to cross-examine the policeman about the details of various sensational crimes in which he had taken an interest in times past. The time flew by so pleasantly that they both forgot all about the front door, and were only recalled to a sense of their duties by the arrival of the servant who sounded the dressing-gong. Then both started, and the butler hurriedly returned the box of cigars to the smokingroom, whilst Smith assumed an air of unremitting watchfulness.

Another half-hour went by, and the dinner-gong sounded. Mr. and Mrs. Winterham had been informed by Parker that her mistress had neuralgia, and asked them to excuse her presence at dinner. No sooner had they entered the diningroom than Parker came through the hall carrying a tray on which was some soup and according to the butler's advice, a half bottle of champagne. She nodded to Smith as she passed him, and he, with an answering grin, retired to the conservatory.

The maid had barely had time to reach her lady's room and to put down the tray when her rushing steps were heard returning. She looked greatly agitated, and Smith came out of his retreat.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I must see Mr. Winterham at once!" she gasped.

"What is the matter? Tell me!"

"I cannot find mistress!" jerked out Parker. "I had better let her brother know at once!"

With a stifled exclamation, Smith dashed upstairs to the door of Kate's room. It was open, as was the door into Kate's little boudoir. Parker having evidently glanced hurriedly into both rooms. Before the policeman had had time to do anything but stare, Winterham was at his side.

"What is this?" he asked. "Do you mean to tell me that Mrs. Hohenberg has gone out alone at this hour?"

When Smith had recovered a little, he acted with promptness. The inspector was summoned by telephone; the house was searched from attic to cellar, and each member of the household was questioned, Smith asserting solemnly that he had never left his post for an instant, and had never taken his eye from the hall. No one, however, believed that Mrs. Hohenberg possessed the power of rendering herself invisible at will, and all were perfectly aware that Smith's watch must have been relaxed. The poor man found himself at once suspended from duty, and sent away from the house.

CHAPTER VI.

Kate's taxicab duly deposited her near her destination, and after making one or two sharp turnings, she found herself in the quiet street she was seeking.

She knocked at the door of an old house, and a woman came to open it—a woman still young of face, although her hair had turned a silvery white. The face lighted up, and the dark eyes gleamed with pleasure as she said:

"Why, mother, if it isn't our Miss Hohenberg! Come in, miss! Mother and I are glad to see you. Mother has been a bit poorly; we have had a rush of work and sat up all one night doing it."

Kate entered the front room, which opened onto the street, and greeted a frail-looking, bent woman, the owner of the place, a woman with a face lined with care and privation. After asking after their health and their work, Kate said: "I must tell you I have come this time on business. Mrs. White have you rented the top rooms of your house?"

"No, miss," said Mrs. White; "that's what has been the trouble. We did think we'd got a policeman, a newly-married man; he came and saw the rooms and seemed to like them, and we went to a lot of pains getting the bedroom repapered, but then, after all, his young lady didn't fancy it. She said it was not a genteel street, and too far from the shops. We all like to get a policeman lodger if we can; it gives the place a tone, so to speak."

"You want to rent the rooms?" asked Kate.

"We must, or let the whole place go. They have never been empty so long since I took the house. We don't know which way to turn. Ten dollars a month is their rent, but I've got that desperate that I'll take off some for a good tenant."

"How would I do for a tenant?" asked Kate.

The woman smiled, thinking it a joke.

"I really mean it," said Kate. "I do really want to take your rooms. The only thing is that of course they are not furnished.

"Oh, yes, they are, miss!" said the young woman. "That is the worst of it. Our arrangement with the policeman was that we were to hire the furniture on the monthly system, going security ourselves, and he was to pay the installments until it was paid for."

"I would, of course, take over the responsibility of the furniture," said Kate. "I know that everything about your house is clean, and I want somewhere to live. I have had a great loss."

The Whites murmured sympathetically. They were not in the least suspicious; such occurrences, represented the normal course of life they had known.

"Well, miss, of course there's nothing would please us better. But it's a poor place for such as you, and you'll feel it terrible. Excuse me, miss, but haven't you any one that could help you?"

"Dear Mrs. White, did you turn to relatives when your husband died?"

"I did not," said the old woman, almost fiercely. "I turned to my sewing machine and ate no bread that I didn't earn. I brought up my Mary just the same. You are right, miss, relatives, excepting 'tis parents—and I reckon you've lost them—aren't people to lean any too hard on. But is there no chance of anything being saved for you by the lawyers?"

"There is a chance," said Kate. "It all depends on one person, though he isn't a lawyer. I may have to stay here a long time, or I may find myself quite well-off again at a moment's notice. So, if you will have me, I will take your rooms."

Mary White took the would-be lodger up a rather rickety stairway and into a moderate-sized room facing the street. Here was a small gas cooking-stove, a table, and a few hard chairs.

Kate wondered much how she would acquit herself in the part of cook.

"'Tis a bit chilly in the evenings still, miss, and you're tired out," said Miss White, taking the basket from Kate's hand. "If you'll do your unpacking I'll make up a bit of fire in the sittingroom."

Kate smiled her thanks and closed the door. She looked with some wonder at her new quarters. She unfastened her basket, and looked at her few possessions much in the spirit in which Robinson Crusoe counted over the treasures he had managed to save from the wreck. She felt she had been too economical in her choice; surely she could have carried a heavier burden. However, she was truly thankful to have saved what she had.

Her possessions safely stowed away, and her store of money counted over once again, Kate began to feel brave and cheerful. She opened the door and went into her other room, feeling that she must continue her voyage of discovery into an unknown life whilst courage was still hers.

Mary White tapped at the door and entered, carrying a tray in her hands.

"Mother says you must have a cup of tea, miss; there is nothing like it when you are feeling faint. And I've brought you a loaf from the baker's and also a quarter of a pound of butter."

Kate was genuinely glad of the refreshment, and felt much better for the meal.

After tea she debated the question as to what she should do with the tea things, and decided that she must consult her landlady. Feeling her way down the dark stairs, she knocked at the White's door, and found the mother and daughter still busy sewing away at long coats for ladies, for which, when finished, they would receive the magnificent sum of fifty cents each.

She was going away, apologizing for having interrupted them, when the younger woman said:

"We've just finished, miss. Two dozen of them we had, and it's taken mother and me the best part of two weeks to get them done; but they go in tomorrow, and we get twelve dollars, and that's worth having."

Kate felt the tears rise to her eyes as she thought of the heroic work done by this pair of brave women, who refused

(Continued on page nineteen.)

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like the force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cts. to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 504 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

To FAT People

SHOWING REDUCTION OF 98 POUNDS.

Full testimonials with names and addresses of legions of men and women whose weight has been reduced to normal, also the Dr. Bradford **FREE PROOF REMEDIES and BOOK OF ADVICE** TO FAT PEOPLE, all free in plain wrapper, postpaid. **Costs absolutely nothing;** a postcard will bring all. Address: **DR. H. C. BRADFORD, 9 P Bradford Building, 20 E. 22d St, New York.**

FREE

4 Rings Free

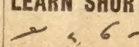
Send for 12 packs Grandpa's Hair Tonic. New thing. Easy to sell. Entirely new proposition. Everybody needs it. When sold return $1.20 and get these four beautiful Rings. We give extra premiums FREE. HOWARD & CO., 800 Park St., Palmyra, Pa.

FASHION BOOK FREE

For a limited time only, we will send absolutely free our big, handsome new book, "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker," with illustrated lessons and practical suggestions on cutting and home dressmaking, showing beautiful illustrated descriptions of 450 latest styles for ladies and children, mailed free to any lady who sends two 2-cent stamps for mailing expense. **Household Pattern Co., Dept. 100, Topeka, Kan.**

THE HONOLULA WHIRL More fun than a 6 ring circus. A novelty of marvel. Victim blows, the Whirl does the rest. Made of metal; 25c postpaid. Acme Novelty Co., Box 234, New London, O.

LEARN SHORTHAND BY MAIL

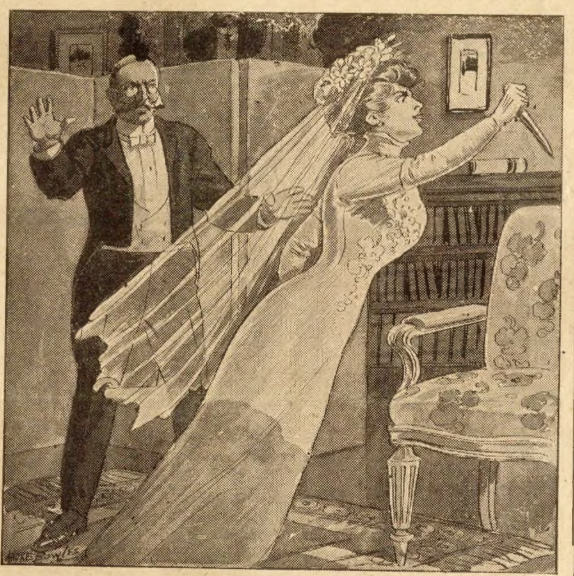


Sample lesson free. Write The Churchill Inst., 76 Powers Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Marrying a Title;

Or, LOVE THAT TRIUMPHED

By Weldon J. Cobb



"I will kill him!"

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 52, Dec. 30. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STOLEN DOCUMENT.

THE EYES of the Count glistened, and he conveyed a covert glance to his accomplices as he joined the son of the capitalist.

"Back soon," announced Marsden, in a maudlin way and boisterously. "We'll play no limit. Risk all, win or lose. Come on, Count."

De Blauvois linked his arm familiarly in that of Marsden. They proceeded to the street, and in ten minutes entered the building where the Marsden offices were located.

Young Marsden had a key to the office. He admitted his companion and himself, and they were soon in the private office of the millionaire. His son turned on the electric light. Then he produced the key to the safe.

"There are some bonds here, used to belong to my aunt. She left them to me," explained Marsden.

"I see," nodded De Blauvois, his eyes fixed on the safe.

"They really don't come to me until the estate is settled," went on Marsden, "but they won't be missed. Here we are."

The speaker had opened the safe, a strong, though old-fashioned, affair. He lifted out a drawer and ran over its contents.

"Private papers of my father," said Marsden, and he placed the drawer on the top of the safe.

Deftly De Blauvois leaned against the massive iron box. His coat sleeve half obscured the drawer. As Marsden was again engrossed in fumbling in the safe, the eyes of the foreigner flashed electrically. His gaze was fixed on the top paper in the box at his elbow. Its superscription ran: "Memoranda of right of way in the Midland Traction deal."

Under his breath the Count uttered a low aspiration of excitement. This was a precious paper, the possession of which by William Marsden blocked the million-dollar proposition of the banker, John Vansant.

With the adeptness of the born pickpocket, De Blauvois gently slipped one hand forward under cover of his negligent pose, abstracted the paper, and drew back just as Marsden exclaimed:

"Here are the papers. Come on, I've got what I want."

Marsden replaced the drawers and secured the safe, and they left the office. When they returned to the Count's apartments in the hotel the game at cards was resumed. Marsden had shown his securities to his companions. They represented $10,000.

"There are ten of the bonds," said Marsden. "Will they count as cash?"

"Go ahead," pronounced De Blauvois, coolly.

The contest began. One after the other the bonds were risked against the cash of the Count and his partner. One by one they decreased the goodly pile. With a reckless laugh Marsden finally drew back from the table.

"Better luck tomorrow," suggested De Blauvois.

"I think I had better confine my time and wits to getting the money to redeem those bonds," said Marsden, with a wry grimace.

"Win them back."

"No capital."

"Get your father to advance you some."

"You won't dispose of the securities till I have a chance to redeem them?" inquired Marsden, anxiously.

"My word is my bond," declared De Blauvois with dignity. "You can take your own time as to redeeming them."

"Thanks."

There was a division of the cash spoils between the three conspirators after Lionel had left. The Count glanced thoughtfully at his watch.

"Shall we drop around to the opera?" asked one of his companions.

"Yes," agreed the other, "you may find the beautiful Miss Vansant there."

"Possibly," responded the Count, with an enigmatical smile, "but I shall also find her father at home."

"More interested in seeing him, eh?"

"Slightly," nodded De Blauvois. "You see, my friends, I happen to know that a report on an investigation of my credentials is soon due, and I desire to hurry matters."

"The marriage, eh?"

"Precisely. My fair inamorata wants a delay, to make a grand occasion of the wedding. Her shrewd father wishes to be sure I am all I pretend to be. I must invent some excuse to hurry the ceremony."

"You are fertile in expedients, Count! or Duke of Buttermilk Lane?" he asked.

"Reasonably so, I think I shall carry my point in the present case."

"Very good—au revoir."

The Count strolled leisurely from the hotel and toward the Vansant mansion. He found the banker at home and his daughter absent, as he had anticipated. This exactly suited his plans.

Vansant welcomed him heartily to the comfort and seclusion of the library. De Blauvois spoke casually on general subjects for a time. Finally he remarked: "How is the traction proposition coming on, monsieur?"

"Famously," declared the banker.

"With the key to the situation still in Marsden's hands."

Vansant frowned darkly.

"Yes, unfortunately," he admitted. "I have twice offered him $25,000 for the option he possesses."

"Blank refusal, I infer?"

"Absolutely."

"I believe you told me that all he has that is tangible is a brief memoranda of personal agreement between you two?"

"That is all."

"And that is in your possession?"

"Oh, if it only were!" exclaimed the banker ardently.

"Or destroyed?"

"I would control the entire situation. The fact is, Count, I am thinking of raising my bid."

"How much?"

"I am willing to offer Marsden $75,000 for that troublesome little document."

De Blauvois smiled craftily. He drew his chair nearer to that of the banker and fixed his eyes full upon his face.

"I have a proposition to make to you," he said.

"Concerning that document?"

"Yes."

"Why, what do you know about it?" demanded Vansant in great surprise.

"Everything," declared De Blauvois, in a definite, convincing tone.

"You amaze me."

"To be brief," proceeded the Count, smoothly, "suppose I were able to place the document in question in your hands?"

"Why, then——"

"You would pay $75,000?"

"Willingly."

"Would you also agree to influence Miss Vansant to arrange for a wedding within ten days?"

"Why this haste?" inquired Vansant, suspiciously.

"Because I love her and do not wish to lose her."

"Lose her? You speak in enigmas."

"Then let me explain," returned De Blauvois. "As soon as my family learns of my engagement to your daughter, they will wish to delay the union until they have approved it."

"Naturally."

"That will take time. I propose to marry Blanche without their consent. Then they will be obliged to accept her without all these tedious formalities, monsieur. If you agree to this and the payment of $10,000 in cash not for myself but for those who have assisted me in securing the document you covet——"

"What?" cried Vansant, in a tone of the keenest excitement. "You have the paper?"

"There it is," replied De Blauvois, calmly, placing the paper before the banker.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ESCAPE.

"You will keep your word?"

It was Florence who spoke, and her voice was anxious and pleading, as she

(Continued on page eight.)

CUT DOWN YOUR GROCERY BILL

THIS FREE BOOK shows you how to save from 20 per cent to 50 per cent on all your groceries.

Buy your groceries direct from us and save from twenty to fifty per cent of what you are now paying. We have solved the "high cost of living" problem for thousands of delighted customers.

We buy everything in enormous quantities. This means rock bottom prices — prices that small buyers cannot get. We sell direct to you with only one small profit added. We save you all the "middlemen's" profits that eat up so much of your money.

All our groceries are full measure—absolutely pure.

Write to-day for our interesting, money saving grocery book. It is book No. 11. It is free. We want you to compare our prices with those you are now paying.

We issue the grocery book every two months and will send it to you regularly.

Below is a partial list of the other books we issue. They contain thousands of big, money saving opportunities. No matter where you live we can fill all your needs and save you an amazing amount of money. No matter what it is you want, we have it. We can save you many dollars on everything you buy. We are doing it every day for over 2,000,000 delighted customers.

Send to-day for the books that interest you.

Order the books by their numbers.

CHECK OVER THE LIST NOW

1 Paints
2 Pianos
3 Organs
4 Trunks
5 Roofing
6 Vehicles
7 Furniture
8 Incubators
9 Wall Paper
10 Typewriters
11 Grocery List
12 Feed Cookers
13 Tank Heaters
14 Wire Fencing
15 Carpets, Rugs
16 Building Plans
17 Baby Carriages
18 Men's Fur Coats
19 Sewing Machines
20 Gasoline Engines
21 Cream Separators
22 Building Material
23 Stoves and Ranges
24 Underwear Samples
25 Automobile Supplies
26 Bicycles — Motorcycles
27 Baby's Dress and Toilet
28 Women's Tailored Suits
29 Circular and Drag Saws
30 Women's Fashion Books
31 Rain Coats, Rubber Coats, etc.
32 Tombstones and Monuments
33 Men's Clothing
34 Women's Furs
35 Dry Goods
36 Muslin Wear
37 Millinery

Sign and Mail Coupon NOW!

160 Montgomery Ward & Co.

19th and Campbell Sts.
KANSAS CITY

Chicago Avenue Bridge
CHICAGO

Please send to my address below books Nos........ absolutely free of cost.

Name ....

Post Office..

State..

SEND COUPON TO THE NEARER ADDRESS

WRITE US YOUR

Name and address and learn how YOU can do it.

A. J. Polk, Tenn., writes like this: "I never had a suit as swell. Made $110 last month besides my own suit." Ed Hill, Miss., says: "The men are wild about your styles; no trouble getting orders; my profits $40 last week and all the tailoring I want." Cliff Wilson, Fla., says: "Your samples and styles knock them all out; it's nice, easy business; the finest tailoring ever shown here." H. J. Kline, Kas., writes: "Clearing $30 a week just in my spare time and evenings; every suit a perfect fit." R. P. Gatewood, Pa., says: "My suit cost me nothing; the boys are crazy about the style and fit; will get all their orders. Thanks for $28 check."

We want good agents everywhere. No money or experience needed. We pay express. You can make big money and wear finest tailoring, using spare time only. Write at once and receive fine outfit and samples free, everything explained; the greatest money-making offer ever heard of. Write now, or show this to a friend who may be glad of this great chance.

BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 368 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Ring & Bracelet Given
FOR FEW HOURS WORK.

Sell 6 boxes of Smith's Rosebud Salve at 25c. per box, the greatest remedy known for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, colds, croup, etc. When sold return the $1.50 and we will promptly forward the adjustable bracelet, bright gold finish, and the gold filled wedding ring, warranted, or your choice from our premium list. Send your order today. NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU, and be first in your town, agents wanted.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. 10, Woodsboro, Md.

TRAPPERS

Get More Money For Your Furs

Don't ship anyone furs till you get *Our Free Bulletin* quoting cash prices we actually pay for *Coon, Mink, Opossum* and other furs. We charge no commissions. Write today for Free Bulletin, it will pay you big.

National Fur & Wool Co.
320 Main Street, St. Louis, Mo.

DRUNKENNESS Cured at Home. Inexpensive treatment. Free trial. Secrecy guaranteed. Address Acme Method, 180 North Dearborn St., R. 105, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—SALESMEN—MANAGERS—All Men Out of Work—those who want better positions—stop right here—get free information on the Greatest Household Invention ever known—A SELF-WRINGING MOP.

An Opportunity to Make Easy Money at Home or Traveling.

$50 —TO— $75 EVERY WEEK

SELLING EASY WRINGER MOPS
EASY MONEY
EASY TO SELL
Get on EASY STREET
Selling Easy Mops

LISTEN: One man's orders $2600 one month—profit $1650; Here boy in Pa. made $9.00 in 2½ hrs. A. E. Martin, Mich, says: "Called at 20 homes, made 10 sales." E. Menn, Wis., says "Sold 131 in 2 days." E. Randal, Minn., "Canvassed 11 families, took 11 orders." John D. McLeod sold six after supper in less than an hour. Don't need experience, sells itself. That's the way it goes. You can't fail. You are bound to win. You can sell 100 Mops a week, working only half time. TWO TURNS OF CRANK WRINGS OUT EVERY DROP of WATER. Simple, practical, reliable, durable, never wears out. Every home buys. No talking necessary. Show it, take the order. Get started now, don't wait. We will help you. We want Agents, Salesmen, Managers, in every county to fill orders, appoint, supply, control sub-agents. 150 Per cent Profit. No investment required. Sample free with first order. New catalog, Instructions, sworn-to evidence, all Free.

U. S. MOP COMPANY, 1508 Dorr Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.

These illustrations show the mop on the floor and also when it is wrung up. On the floor it spreads out and is held down firmly at all points. When lifted it straightens out automatically for wringing, and two turns of crank takes out every drop of water. Mopping is now a pleasure and the floor is cleaned 100 per cent better in half the time.

A Quicker, Faster Seller was Never Known

A Bigger Money Maker You Will Never Find

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.25 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,000,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

As we grow older we unlearn many things.

Silence may be golden, or it may indicate guilt.

When woman's tongue tires she talks with her eyes.

A cold snap looks like a soft snap—to the coal man.

Men who attempt to drown sorrow merely irrigate it.

The pretty widow and her insurance are soon remarried.

Free speech has enabled many a man to give himself away.

The trouble with the unexpected is that it happens too often.

What a man doesn't know about his neighbors his wife tells him.

When the lion and the lamb lie down together the lamb isn't visible.

Every time a man looks in a mirror he imagines that he sees a hero.

Beware of girls with dreamy eyes, young man; they may be wide awake.

A pessimist is a man who never smiles—except when he faces the bartender.

Bad habits cost money, but there are men who seem to think them worth the price.

Money may not buy happiness, but no man ever refuses to take it on that account.

By placing it low, many a man has been able to come up to the mark he has set for himself.

If you would attract a woman's attention to any particular thing, place it in front of a mirror.

There is plenty of room at the top. This is due to the fact that most people want to get in on the ground floor.

A man might not be able to recognize some of his lady acquaintances if he happened to meet them with their complexion off.

Before marrying an inebriate to reform him, a girl should learn the gentle art of chasing soiled linen up and down a washboard.

Occasionally a man spends all his time making money to buy food and clothes—only to find the food disagrees with him and his clothes don't fit.

Even if there is a large vacuum under a man's hat, he may succeed in acquiring a reputation for being a deep thinker by holding his tongue.

(Continued from page seven.)

stood facing a swarthy, fierce-looking man in a hut just beyond a dense grove that lay near the temple enclosure of the Vasco.

"Have I not been paid to do so?" demanded her companion.

"And you will act tonight?"

"Without fail, senorita. Listen, lady, if gold were entirely out of the question, I would give you aid. If only to repay with hatred and vengeance the men who have made of me a pariah, banished forevermore from the land I was born in, I would do this deed!"

"Then I had better remain here all day."

"It is best that we both keep under cover."

With the words the speaker left the hut, and diving into the woodland was soon out of sight.

He left Florence Henderson in a maze of hope and suspense. It was now the second week after her arrival. During that time, armed with the safe conduct, Florence had not been molested by any of the natives. She had given it out that her mission was to secure botanical specimens in the district, and this she did to quite an extent.

Once assured that not only her lover, but her father, so long given up as dead, were denizens of the temple, her brave soul was elated. Her perilous journey had not been in vain.

Florence realized, however, that she must proceed with great caution. She now set at work to learn all she could concerning the temple and its inner life. She discovered that once a priest or slave entered it, he could never leave it. She also found out that for any outsider to penetrate the sacred precincts was regarded as sacrilege, and punishable with the most horrible torture and death.

At the end of a week Florence was in despair. It seemed as though it would be impossible to enlist the co-operation of any of the natives in the plan to reach her captive father and lover. Then suddenly a way was opened to carry out her designs. One day, strolling in the vicinity of the temple, she came upon a man tied to a tree in the center of a spot exposed to the fervent heat of the sun. His body was nearly bare, and showed where he had been lacerated recently with knife strokes and lashes.

All day long, alone and unvisited, he was left without water or food. Florence questioned some natives. She learned that he had been one of the temple attendants in its outer courts. In a quarrel he had killed a fellow acolyte.

For this reason, under the law he was to be exposed to sun and storm for seven days. Then he was to be conveyed to the edge of the bad lands under a sentence of perpetual banishment, and was to be driven forcibly into the midst of that poisonous district.

Out of sheer pity, one evening at dusk, Florence stole up to the man through the brush, with food and water. He was ravenous, but grateful. A second visit won his confidence and suggested an eager exploit to her mind.

This man, she learned, was familiar with all the customs and intricacies of the temple. He was so anxious to escape and so wrathful at the punishment awarded to him by the priests, that he was willing, even anxious, to assist in any plan of harassing or outwitting them.

The prospect of gaining his liberty, and that, too, with a liberal sum of money, influenced this man to enter willingly into the plan Florence had formed. He knew where an entrance could be forced into the temple at an obscure point that was never guarded. He knew where the two white attendants slept at night. As to securing the seeds of the rose of hell from the golden jar—that was easy, he declared with a confident laugh, and he intimated that once the precious jar was in his hand he would consider it lawful loot.

Florence had set the man free, and had taken up her quarters at the old hut described. The native had hidden in the woods, and his persecutors supposed he had left the country after escaping from his bonds. Now the day had arrived when the man had promised to make his attempt to rescue the two white men. Florence waited patiently for night.

Everything moved with the regularity and precision of a well-organized plot when the critical hour arrived. Florence accompanied the man into a great copse that grew rank and dense right up to a rear wall of the temple. The native had brought some implements with him. He had soon pried a block of stone out of the damp, crumbling wall. Then, warning her to be ready to assist him when he returned, he disappeared through the aperture into the temple structure.

One hour went by—two. Florence at length strained her hearing intently. She could detect the swish of a moving body, then labored breathing. A form came hurrying through the aperture into the open air. It was the native.

He seemed to act strangely, and a dense vaporish taint hung about him. He was excited and hurried as he placed a packet done up in a silken cloth in the hands of Florence.

"Take it speedily, senorita."

"The seeds?" questioned Florence rapidly.

"Yes, lady."

"And the men?"

"Listen, I must work rapidly. To guard against an escape this way, I find that the priests have set traps in all the corridors and rooms. On entering, as he opens a door, one moves a string, which upsets a vessel filled with deadly poison. See, I am nearly overcome by the fumes of one of those."

"Then the rescue?"

"Can be made, but at a risk. Be ready to act now, for I shall make the attempt to penetrate to the room where your friends sleep."

The native tied a handkerchief across mouth and nostrils and again disappeared. Florence secured the little packet of seeds he had brought in her dress, and awaited his return and further developments feverishly.

In a very few minutes the native came again into view. He was gasping for breath wildly, and half carried, half dragged a human form. He staggered past Florence and dropped his burden on the grass.

"One!" he uttered hoarsely, took a long breath of fresh air, and was off again like a shot.

"My father!" cried Florence, with a low gasp of delight, as she knelt beside the prostrate figure on the grass.

She could just recall the old familiar features upon which she had not gazed for so many years. His face was pinched, wan, changed, but the dear natural lineaments were still there, and she wept over the father so strangely restored to her. He did not move, he scarcely breathed, but Florence decided that this was only a temporary coma induced by the poison fumes which would speedily dissipate in the fresh clear outside air.

In fact, the insensible man moved, muttered, and opened his eyes as the native again appeared. Florence gazed spellbound at the burden he bore. It was her lover, unconscious as her father had been.

"It was a risk to them," panted the native, "but there was no other way. Both will revive in a few minutes. Ha! senorita, lady, I dare not remain. There is the alarm signal. Get to hiding with these men quickly."

From within the temple suddenly there rang out a wild, echoing alarm. A babel of mingled voices arose. Gongs clanged out hideously. Away around towards the front of the structure the glare of lights began to show.

The native had darted away. His promised help had been given, and he now thought only of his own escape. Florence realized that only a part of her purpose was executed. She must get to hiding speedily. The disappearance of the two white men had certainly been discovered, and pursuit was inevitable.

"The hut?" "No," she reflected wisely, "that would certainly be soon visited."

"What is this—the open air. What has happened?"

Her father, springing to his feet like a drunken man, stared about him in a dazed, helpless way.

"Listen," spoke Florence, seizing his arm. "You are being helped by friends."

"Friends?" cried the man. "They all died long ago."

"No, no! See, you must assist me," and she compelled her companion to join with her in seizing Rolfe Ashley and dragging him to his feet.

In some way—she never knew how, so keen was the rigor and excitement of the exploit—Florence managed to enlist the rather weak and ineffectual co-operation of her father on getting Rolfe to his feet. They reached the river and followed its bank for a distance.

Florence hoped to get across to the other shore. The dense woodlands lay beyond, offering shelter, but the ford was nearly a mile distant. Her father, stumbling along blindly, little dreaming as to the identity of his rescuer, was of little assistance in aiding her to force the drugged and helpless Rolfe along.

"I can go no farther!" at last murmured Henderson, in a faint tone.

He sank panting and exhausted to the ground. Florence was forced to release her hold on Rolfe, who had not yet betrayed any symptoms of a return to consciousness.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do!" cried the young girl distressedly.

Glancing back, she could trace a great commotion in the vicinity of the temple. She knew that very soon its aroused inmates would be on the trail of the missing white men in every direction.

Florence noticed moored to the shore of the stream a large flatboat. Its deck was piled high with bundles and bales of pampas grass. She ran toward it.

A large open hatchway led to an open hold. A small aperture near the stern also showed. She looked down into the dark depths and then hastened back to her father. He was sitting on the ground, wavering unsteadily to and fro.

"You must arouse yourself!" she cried energetically. "If we can get into the hold of that boat yonder we may find a safe hiding place."

Safe! If Florence Henderson had but dreamed of the den, the net, the trap, into which they were to be unwittingly led, her soul would have recoiled with dismay and dread!

CHAPTER XXXI.

REVENGE!

"And we shall visit the family castle in France, Count?" inquired the dulcet

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

HELP WANTED

KENTUCKY Distillery wants local representatives, exclusive or side line, to solicit the saloon and drug trade for Kentucky Whiskey, adopted by Government. Woodland Co., Dept. 79, Covington, Kentucky.

AVIATORS Wanted, Experienced and inexperienced, for exhibition flying. Aeroplane Mfg., 117 North Dearborn, Chicago.

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A-1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

$2,000 to $10,000 a year earned by auctioneers everywhere. This profession now taught for the first time by mail. Write for special terms and free booklet about our short, simple, complete course. National School of Auctioneering, 1014 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—$4.50 day selling Household necessities. Particulars free. Kiowa Co., Lexington, N. C.

PERFECTION Pocket Adding Machine, Lightning seller. Agents wanted. Cincinnati Specialty Mfg. Co., Dept. M, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I WANT an honest, industrious man or woman in every locality to represent me. Clean, dignified work. Good income assured. Write me today. Treasurer, Dept. A, Adams Bldg., Boston, Massachusetts.

AGENTS—Big money distributing free pkgs. Borax-ee Soap Powder. B. W. Ward & Co., 1770 Berteau, Chicago

NEW Century Brooms. Write for facts. Quick. Big profits. Agents sell 50 per day. Make $9. Just investigate. Edward Hilker Mop Co., 1388 Grand Ave., Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

A BAD Account gets no better very fast. Average cost collecting by "Follow Them Up Yourself" collection system, 13 cents. Outfit for six accounts, with "follow-up" devices, 50 cents; 25, $1.50; 100 with desk filing cabinet, $6.00. Money back if you are not satisfied. Bankers & Merchants' Commercial Agency, Dept. B, Independence, Iowa.

FARMS FOR SALE

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 2 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Morgan Park, Illinois.

FERTILE Virginia Farms—$15 per acre and up; easy payments; productive soil, close markets, good roads, schools; write for our beautiful descriptive literature and low excursion rates. F. H. LaBaume, Agricultural Agent, Norfolk & Western Railway, Box 4042, Roanoke, Virginia.

FARMS—Hotels for Sale—New York State; illustrated catalogue free. H. L. Reed, Amsterdam, N. Y.

COLONIZATION PROPOSITION—18,160 acres of fine agricultural land for sale at $4.50 per acre. Southern Realty & Trust Company, Ashdown, Arkansas.

INSTRUCTION

TELEGRAPHY—Morse and Wireless—Railway Accounting (Station Agency) taught quickly. R. R. Dispatchers' and Western Union Wires and complete Wireless Station in School. Splendid opportunities. Graduates assisted. Living expenses low—may be earned. Largest and oldest school—established 37 years. Investment $25,000.00. Correspondence courses also. Catalogue free. Dodge's Institute, Normal Street, Valparaiso, Indiana.

BOYS AND GIRLS

GUARANTEED Watch or gold plated bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packets Seeds with friends. Sample free. P. People's Co., B-41, York Haven, Pennsylvania.

HEALTH AND MEDICAL

DRINK HABIT—Guaranteed home treatment—three days—lifelong result. The only reliable. Book mailed free. Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, M 356, New York, N. Y.

PERSONAL

HEIRS Wanted at once. 60 000 estates seeking claimants. You may be one. Facts in booklet BL. Send 2c stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MARRIAGE PAPER—Highest character. Incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1,600, Denver, Colorado.

COURTSHIP and Marriage. Sent sealed for 4 cents. Dept. 20, Box 250, Boston, Mass.

MARRY RICH—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free; sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

LOST PERSONS

MRS. LIDDIA BUFFINGTON, last heard of at Stilson, Kansas, 30 years ago. Address information to Frank Buffington, Hamilton, Iowa.

FRANK M. EDWARDS, age 42, looks older; 6 ft., sandy grey hair; deep dimple in chin; farmer-carpenter; left home last September. Address Mrs. Edith Edwards, Box 77, West Glover, Vermont.

DAN A. STEWART, dark hair and eyes, weight 165 pounds, height 5 ft. 10 in.; Last seen at St. Regis, Montana. Address G. W. Stewart, Saxton, Florida.

WILLIAM GAREY, last seen Decatur, Ala.; was 5 ft. 10 in.; weight 180; light complexion; blue eyes. Address James Garey, R. F. D. 6, Cambridge, Ohio.

BENTLEY SOUTHARD; blue eyes, black hair, fair skin, weight 135, height 5 ft. 6 in.; quiet manner; left home 2¼ years ago. Address Mrs. M. B. Southard, West Mansfield, Logan County, Ohio.

WM. WILSON, or heirs, or Mrs. Mary Clark, who remarried in Hill county, Texas, in 1873. Present name unknown; maiden name Mary Parker. Address John C. Clark, Box 210, Pollock, Louisiana.

REWARD for information on William Fox. Last seen at Muskogee, Okla., and Ft. Smith, Ark., 8 years ago. Business: Restaurant or meat market. Age 44; height 5 ft. 7 in; weight 160; grey hair, blue eyes, fair skin; married. Address Henry C. Fox, Greensburg, Kan.

CHAS. E. KRAMER and Ray Smallwood. Last heard from working out of Spokane for Dan Boyington. Address Mrs. Bessie Bryant, Troy, Montana.

BEN HOBBS, dark hair, dark eyes, under 6 feet tall; age 65. Left Salem, Ind., 29 years ago. Last seen 19 years ago in Tennessee in sawmill business. Address C. M. Hobbs, Fonda, Oklahoma.

HENRY E. ATHERTON, age 20, weak eyes, dark complexion. Left Scammon few months back. Address Mrs. Morgan, R. R. 1., Scammon, Kansas.

What advertisers say about Blade and Ledger Want Ads:

"Please discontinue my small ad in the Blade and Ledger as I have sold out the business advertised.
E. E. HARTLEY."

"My ad run once in the Blade and Ledger brought more cash replies than 8 other papers combined.
O. K. HOBBS."

tones of the siren, Blanche Vansant.

"And two in Spain, ma cherie, and the ancient chateau in the Alps," promised her distinguished fiance.

The Vansant star seemed in the ascendant. The Count was in high favor with the banker for having placed him in possession of the coveted traction document. De Blauvois had thrown an air of mysticism about its acquisition by him, and pretended that the $10,000 paid was to go to an unnamed assistant in the enterprise.

Blanche, too, was in great harmony with her fiance. He had done her bidding to a finish as regarding young Marsden. The Count and his accomplices had practically ruined the profligate son of the millionaire. They had driven him into a corner where he had given them a note apparently indorsed by his father. The wily Count knew this to be a forgery, and was resolved at all hazards to retain possession of it as a club held over the head of the reckless young gamester.

The Count might well romance with his fiancee, considering his fabulous wealth, his high-born connections of nobility, his wonderful castles and chateaux. The day he married her the banker had agreed to hand over to him a dowry of $25,000.

The Count had been given his own way in regard to hastening the nuptials. Blanche would have preferred more time, but she hired a corps of modistes, and the day before the wedding the palatial house and its inmates were prepared to celebrate the grandest social event ever inaugurated in Irondale.

The wedding ceremony was performed before a few chosen friends of the family. It was the reception that followed that surpassed in brilliancy and activity any social even of the season.

From nine o'clock in the evening on the street in front of the Vansant mansion was one long line of automobiles and magnificent equipages. The elite of the district were fully represented, and the proudest moment in the life of Blanche Vansant had arrived.

Great as the haughty siren considered the occasion, however, the greatest joy in her heart was occasioned by the thought that neither the Marsdens nor the fiance of Lionel had been invited. It was a cut direct, and Blanche gloated over it in her hour of supreme triumph. Even to further vindictiveness was her cruel revenge carried, for at her instigation, late the day before, the forged note the Count had held had passed through the Vansant bank, and was presented to his astounded and humiliated former partner.

The bridal presents were regal in elegance. The decorations of the drawing-room had cost a small fortune. Irondale fairly gasped at the wonders of this remarkable wedding, bringing to its beauty queen apparently a vast fortune and a noble title.

It was while the festivities were at their full height that a modest cab drove up to the curb directly opposite the radiantly lighted mansion.

It contained two men—Martin Blomer and Adam Dale. As the cab halted, a smart-appearing lad sprang to the sidewalk and stood there as if ready to dash away on some secret important mission as soon as directed.

The two men in the cab lowered the window of the vehicle and stared fixedly at the front of the Vansant mansion. They were silent for a few moments. It was Blomer who first broke the silence.

"Well, my friend," he observed, with an exultant chuckle, "our hour has come."

"Yes," assented Dale, sourly. "All the same, I wish it was I who had won the girl."

"You may be glad to escape her," declared Blomer. "I have done as I agreed."

"You have."

"Money advanced all paid back to you?"

"To the dollar."

"And a goodly surplus in my pocket to celebrate this famous wedding. Ha! ha!" jeered Blomer. "I sold the story to the newspapers for a small fortune."

"What will be the outcome?"

"The greatest sensation Irondale ever experienced."

"When are you going to spring it?"

"Now!" fairly shouted Blomer, leaning from the window toward the boy on the curb, "Hey you!"

"Yes, sir," nodded the lad.

"You know your instructions?"

"To a T."

"Go!"

The boy darted away. After he had gone, the two men divided their attention between watching the house and looking down the street in the direction the boy had disappeared.

The streams of soft music floated out upon the balmy June air. From down the street came a low distant rumble like the rapid advance of scurrying feet and excited voices.

The babel grew with the moments. It began to acquire coherency. A noisy troop of newsboys passed the street corner. They came into view each one bearing great stacks of freshly printed newspapers under his arm.

"Ready!" murmured Blomer, in an intense tone of spite and revenge.

He waited a moment until the music in the mansion had ceased. Then, leaning far out from the cab, he waved his hand.

Pandemonium broke loose at that expected signal. Half a hundred boys dashed up to the Vansant mansion. Above the clamor of their onpressing footsteps rang out the dreadful cry: "Extra! extra! Full account of the history of the Count de Blauvois!"

(Concluded next week.)

* * *

A Clew by Wire.

(Continued back from page seventeen.)

the thief by telling me what he looked like?" he suggested.

"But I did not see his face plainly, for he had his hat drawn down over his eyes; and then he was in such pain that he screwed his mouth up in a knot. But he did look like he might be a lawyer, for he was well dressed, and when he talked to me I noticed a little lisp."

And then Van Alstine gave vent to a low whistle that might stand for almost anything.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

* * *

New Type of Negro.

The census figures of 1910 show that the negroes increased slowly in numbers during this decade, and that they are making for the towns. In the rural districts of the South the increase in population was only 8.3 per cent for the negroes, as against 17.5 per cent for the previous decade, and as against 17.3 per cent for the whites. In other words, the white population is increasing twice as fast as the negro population in the country districts.

This was not wholly unexpected, the New Orleans correspondent of the New York Sun writes. If the census of 1910 had covered the question of the admixture of the races, as the enumerations in ante-bellum times did, it would have brought to light a remarkable ethnological fact—namely that the Southern negro is getting blacker in spite of the mixture of blood and that there is rapidly being formed a homogenous negroid race. Former censuses divided the negroes into octoroons, quadroons, mulattoes and blacks. Later these distinctions were dropped and the classifications of colored—that is, those of mixed races—and negroes were substituted. Finally all negroes, whether full blacks or not, were enumerated as colored. Because of this classification the census figures do not reflect the change now going on among the negroes as a race.

Louisiana is whitening very fast. It had a negro majority in slavery days and for thirty years afterward, and this was the case with New Orleans until 1850, it being the only large American city at the time with more negroes than whites. The census of 1900 showed a white majority of 75,000; that of 1910 will show a white majority of 150,000.

Since slavery, and especially since the adoption in Louisiana of the policy of segregating the races, thus putting a stop to any further intermingling of blood, a marked change has taken place in the negro in Louisiana, both rapid and surprising. Intermixture between the races has been almost entirely cut off. The negro race is receiving no more Indian or white blood, and as no distinction is drawn among the negroes between "white negro" and "black negro" (it was drawn in slavery days, when the cream-colored octoroons spurned the leather-colored quadroon and the latter took it out on the yellow mulatto or dark molasses-tinted griffe,) intermarriage is rapidly reducing the race to a homogeneous one, probably five-sixths negro and one-sixth white, with a dash of Indian. The octoroons are almost gone. A few escape disguised into the ranks of the whites, occasionally to be exposed and driven back; the others sink down into the mass of the negro race.

But the striking feature of this change is that the new negro, the composite or homogeneuos negroid, is very dark, probably darker than the ante-bellum negro or even the originally imported African. Any one who can remember conditions of fifty years ago is struck by the fact that the average negro of Louisiana to-day, and especially of New Orleans, is much darker than of old.

* * *

Philosophy of Silence.

"Look wise," said Brother Williams, "w'en folks talk o' weather, but don't make no predictions. Dats de bes' way in de worl' ter git a reputation, likewise ter keep out o' trouble. An' it's de same way wid politics. W'en dey want you ter tell how it's gwine, des put on de wise look an' smoke yo' pipe, quiet like, whilst de yuther fellers breaks de silence all ter pieces; den, no matter which way it goes, you is on de safe side, an, you kin speak up, an' say: 'I knowed des how it wus gwine all de time, but I didn't say nuthin'."

DOESN'T THIS LOOK MORE LIKE LIVING THAN WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW?

Come to Florida and Live Like a Prince

on a fertile fruit or truck farm all your own within easy walking distance of the swiftly growing city of Tampa itself.

Right here in North Tampa where you can pick out a model 10-acre farm for $1 an acre per month—that's only 3 1-3 cents a day on each acre, less than a single Northern carfare!

Right here in North Tampa, where soil, climate, water, schools, churches, transportation to local and Northern markets—where *all* these vital features are exceedingly inviting, enjoyable and favorable. And this is equally true whether your purchase is made purely as an investment or for the sake of living like a prince.

Right here where grapefruit alone is yielding a return on the money invested that will simply open a Northerner's eyes! This county alone, as the U. S. Government report shows, produces over $680,000 worth of grapefruit in a year. Can you wonder that North Tampa is universally known as a most remarkable grapefruit district, and that many a winter-weary Northerner is living like a prince—

Right here where fruit, vegetables and poultry thrive so abundantly; four big crops of fruit and vegtables every year! Turn to the big double page in our book on Florida (the coupon will bring it, free) and read "What you can do with a single acre in Hillsboro County, Florida." This shows you just what you can raise here most profitably, tabulates the average yield of each crop, shows actual cost of clearing, planting and harvesting; and even includes a valuable calender of dates for planting and marketing. With this accurate information before you, you can select any number of crops that will yield you a princely income—

Right here where 8 railroad stations are already on our North Tampa tract, three important railroads cross it, and Uncle Sam gives daily free delivery of mail. Get the point? *Practically a suburban proposition, but at country acreage prices.*

Socially, from the investment standpoint, and from that of a constant hungry market, these features are invaluable to you. Tampa, already over 50,000 population, is shut off by Tampa Bay from southward growth—its logical trend is right toward our townsites. That's why it's a case of *buy now* if *you* want to live like a prince—

Right here, where hunting and fishing in this sportsman's paradise add their zest to the joys of outdoor work and outdoor life—to say nothing of their contrast to the meat bills of the shivering, struggling north!

Your money back if you want it. Take ample time for investigation, but make your reservation *first*, while the best land is available to choose from. The terms we will offer you are a striking evidence of our policy of satisfying every buyer through and through.

These letters from your future neighbors tell the story, When you send for our Florida Book we'll enclose you complete copies, if you like, so you can get the full benefit of their experience. Then, if you wish, we can give you the addresses of hundreds of happy purchasers, many of whom have already moved to their new North Tampa homes.

Listen to this extract from the *Mayor of Tampa's* letter: "I consider the property of the North Tampa Land Co. to be worth all they are asking for it, and I also consider it adapted to growing Grapefruit, Oranges, etc. It is conveniently near Tampa, is dry and healthy. I have recently purchased some land in the same section myself."

And here's what a *Railroad President*, the head of the Tampa & Gulf Coast Ry., says of our land: "In buying this large tract the North Tampa Land Co. has, in my opinion, acquired the very best lands in South Florida. Located so very near Tampa itself, these are beyond doubt the best properties now being offered to settlers. I know of no lands so splendidly adapted to growing Grapefruit, Oranges and all kinds of Citrus fruits. I feel this section of the country, with its excellent transportation, its good roads and nearness to the city, will populate itself rapidly. Both my Railroad and my Mill Co. will extend the North Tampa Land Co. every facility at our command."

"My extensive Florida trip and my investigation of the 40 acres purchased from you," writes Mr. L. S. Meyers of 5914 Winchester Ave., Chicago, "convince me your tract is the very best it's possible to buy. I'm more than pleased."

"Merchandise right here in our general store," writes Dr. W. J. Hood, now of Stemper, Fla., (one of our thriving towns) "is cheaper than in the North. My new cottage is about completed. This place looks very promising."

But you'll want to read the whole of these letters—to a land-hungry, home-hunting man, they're as full of help and encouragement as a Florida Orange is of juice!

Now's Your Chance to Give Yourself and Your Folks a Fresh Start in Life.

Florida is **full** of happy, prosperous land-owners—**many new settlers from the North**—who are meeting with such success, they're utterly at a loss to know why **you** persist in shivering and slaving away in the crowded, rent-paying North.

Don't let your chance slip past you, **this** time! Send us TODAY (protected by our money-back guarantee) your remittance for $1 per acre on as many acres as you think you want. Or fill in and mail the attached money-bag coupon. It entitles you, as a reader of The Chicago Ledger, to one of the most accurate, interesting, up-to-the-minute books on Florida ever published.

North Tampa Land Co.

1128 Commercial Nat'l Bank Building,

CHICAGO, ILL.

THIS COUPON MEANS $ FOR YOU-CLIP IT

NORTH TAMPA LAND CO.
COMMERCIAL NATL. BANK BLDG. CHICAGO, ILL.
Send me, FREE, your most interesting book about FLORIDA LAND. B.W.

NAME ____________

TOWN ____________

STATE ____________

STREET NO. ____________

AGENTS WANTED

We Credit Agents

We will send any honest agent Big Sample Outfit, valued at $7.75, free.

Goods shipped on 30 day's credit. Deliver and collect before paying. Portraits 35c, frames 15, all guaranteed.

Elgin Watches Given Away! In addition to profits we give free Elgin Gold Watches; write for full information.

Julio Romeo, New Mexico, clears $100.00 per month.
D. P. Brown, Georgia, writes: "I cleared as high as $20.00 per day, net profit."
John L. Hanson, No. Dakota, clears $100.00 to $150.00 a month.
R. F. Singard, Georgia, cleared $112.65 in seven days.

Write now for Free Catalogue.

Consolidated Portrait & Frame Co.
1029-1035 W. Adams St., Dept. 9021, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—$30 weekly, great advertising campaign introducing business with coupons; easy for beginners; big money for hustlers. Family Portrait Co., Dept. D, Wayne, Ill.

MY New Census Business Guide, fastest selling book on earth. Agents making $10.00 daily. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Dept. B. L., Naperville, Ill.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx. R14, Danville, Va.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS $36 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required, 30 days credit; photo pillow tops 25c; enlarged portraits, bromides, paintings, frames; lowest prices; samples and catalogue free. Dept. Z, Ritter Art Studio, Chicago, Ill.

Nulite Portable Parlor Lamp

The Cheapest, Best and most beautiful light obtainable for town or country. Makes and burns its own gas; 300 C.P. five hours for one cent. Can be used anywhere with amazing results. Low in price. Thoroughly reliable. Many new and exclusive features. Best proposition of the year for agents. Write today for full details.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS, 408 S. Clinton St., Chicago

AGENTS Make $30 per Wk. This AWL sews a lock stitch like a machine. Best thing ever made for repairing Harness, Shoes, etc. A dozen exclusive features. Demand is immense. Sales astounding. Roy Sage writes "Rec'd Awl today sold 5 in 15 min." L. Perrine says "Sold 9 on way home with sample." Lowest price, biggest profit, greatest value, quick sales. Drop everything and write for sample and instructions.

JUDY'S AWL

ANCHOR MFG. CO. Dept. 849 DAYTON, O.

AGENTS WANTED in every town in the United States to sell Fibre-Silk Hosiery and Underwear—a permanent, pleasant and profitable business; $150 to $200 per month easily made. A young woman Fibre-Silk agent in Minnesota made $8,000 last year. Our sales instructor tells you how. Get our free book—From the Mill to the Home. Write today.

Address

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO

DEPT. 58. BAY CITY, MICH.

AGENTS AMAZING INVENTION!

An entirely new Lamp Burner. Changes ordinary kerosene illumination into beautiful large white light. Rivals gas or electricity. Scientifically made. Beats the old style lamp. Not a mantle. Can't break.

BIG PROFITS Easy to show; quick to sell. $8 to $10 daily for you. Experience unnecessary. Sample outfit 35c prepaid. Particulars FREE. The Radiolite Co., Dept. B, Toledo Ohio

AGENTS 100% Profit

Hundreds are coining money selling Novelty Knives. Many styles and sizes. Transparent handles, decorated with secret society emblems, photos, address, etc. Hundreds of designs to choose from. Easy sellers. Big profits. D. Wilson, one of our hustlers reports:

ONE MONTH'S PROFIT $260

C. E. Warner, another live one, made $80.00 in 8 days, working in the noon hour only. We want more like them. Why not you? No experience needed. We teach you how. Exclusive territory. Free samples to successful Agents. Catalog and terms on request. Don't wait—Write quick—Today.

Novelty Cutlery Co., 223 Bar St., Canton, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

THE QUEEN'S SIGNET;

Or, Lady Castlemain's Crime

By T. C. Harbaugh

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, Jan. 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

THE escape of Foy La Fonde from Captain Pawn and his men was not slow to reach the ears of the conspirators against the Queen. Both Buckingham and Lady Castlemain heard of it with ejaculations of rage.

"We have Noel Neville caged good enough!" exclaimed the Red Duchess, "but that is not enough. We must find the girl Foy, lest she fall into the hands of the King."

Buckingham who was pacing my lady's chamber turned abruptly upon her.

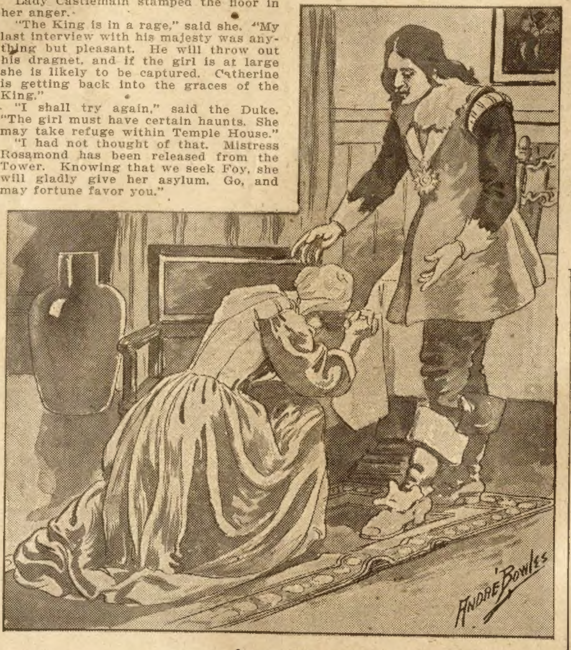
"She can use a rapier with the best of us," he answered, with no good feeling. "The way she winged Pinch in the bakery is amazing for he is one of the best swordsmen in the realm."

Lady Castlemain stamped the floor in her anger.

"The King is in a rage," said she. "My last interview with his majesty was anything but pleasant. He will throw out his dragnet, and if the girl is at large she is likely to be captured. Catherine is getting back into the graces of the King."

"I shall try again," said the Duke. "The girl must have certain haunts. She may take refuge within Temple House."

"I had not thought of that. Mistress Rosamond has been released from the Tower. Knowing that we seek Foy, she will gladly give her asylum. Go, and may fortune favor you."



It was Foy.

That same night Rosamond had visitors at sight of whom she started and turned pale. Once before, as the reader knows, she had been visited by the minions of the conspirators, and here they were again. Noel was still in the Black Pile, and this time her enemies were not seeking him.

She drew back from the entrance and waved her hand toward the interior of the house. The whole lot trooped in. Foy had not returned since her exciting adventure, and Rosamond met the dark looks calmly and declared that she was harboring no one.

The band was given the privilege of ransacking the house, and they spared nothing in their examination.

There was one thing that troubled Rosamond, and that was that Foy might come back during the time of the men's presence there. At length, however, the search was over, and the fellows stamped out of the house. Rosamond followed them to the door, glad to get rid of the pack. One fellow lingered and leaned against the wall with his dark eyes fastened upon her.

"You have not thrown open the secret places of Temple House," said he, with a grin. "Common rumor says there are such apartments within these walls."

"I know of none," answered Noel's love.

"Aye, but they exist," persisted the searcher. "The others are gone now, and if you will show me to the secret rooms I shall keep their locality because of your pretty face."

His manner was insolence itself. Rosamond bit her lip and beckoned him back into the house.

"What is your name?" she inquired.

"Becket LaFarge."

"Frenchman?"

"Yes, Mistress Temple."

The man thought he was coming on well with the girl.

"Tell me first," continued Rosamond, "but first let me set some wine before you."

She left her visitor in the room, the walls of which were covered with portraits of her ancestors, and withdrew. In a few moments she came back and placed upon the table a silver tray upon which were chased decanters and glasses. LaFarge's eyes danced greedily. When he had drained a glass Rosamond leaned toward him.

"Who sends you out after Foy?" she asked.

"Who but our mistress, the Red Duchess."

"Not the King, then?"

"Bless you no, lady."

"And why, pray, doth Lady Castlemain desire to find the girl?"

"I wot but little of her private business."

"Should you find Foy La Fonde, you are to conduct her to the Red Duchess?"

"We are to take her to King Edward's prison."

The wine had loosened the fellow's tongue in a remarkable manner.

"I'm sorry," smiled Rosamond. "Foy is not in Temple House."

Becket LaFarge got upon his feet in an unsteady manner and glared at the fair face before him.

"We've lost the girl, and you've lost a lover!" cried he.

"Ah!"

"They have Noel Neville safe in King Edward's prison, and there will be no bridal."

Rosamond affected astonishment, though she already knew of Noel's danger.

"You will have to look for another lover now," he said.

He came toward her with a malignant leer in his eyes.

"I am loverless," he went on. "There is no better man in England than Becket LaFarge. He would take you to sunny France, my lady, and make you mistress of a fine palace in the shadow of the Louvre."

"I have no desire to quit England."

"Not for a finer cage and nicer feathers than you wear now?"

"Not for all such things."

She retreated across the room, and regretted that her rapier was not within reach.

"If you think that the doors of the Black Pile will open to your lover, you will wait till there is no mistress of Temple House," he resumed. She put the table between them.

Becket LaFarge filled the goblet and raised it above his head.

"Here's to the fairest lady in Lon-

$3 AND YOU KEEP THIS 17 JEWEL ELGIN

ELGIN

GUARANTEED 25 YEARS

We want to send you this magnificent 16 size, ***Thin Model*** 17-Jewel Elgin, fully ***Adjusted*** to ***Temperature, Isochronism,*** and ***Three Positions,*** complete with fine double strata gold case, guaranteed twenty-five years on

30 Days Free Trial!

And if you don't say this is the biggest Elgin Watch value you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only $3.00 and the rest in similar amounts each month. No interest, no security, just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine Elgin is better than other Watches, costing twice or three times as much. We trust everybody everywhere, so

Send for Free Catalog

Write us today for particulars, and we will send you our new Watch and Diamond Book and also our Book entitled ***"Facts vs. Bunc"*** or all about the Watch business, both at home and abroad. Write today. Do it now and get posted.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 354 Kansas City, Mo.

"Largest Watch House in America"

COINS I pay from $1 to $600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. VONBERGEN, the Coin Dealer, Dept. B, BOSTON, MASS.

$ STAGE MONEY $ Right off the press; something different; very exciting; satisfaction assured; $20 for 10c; $100 for 25c. STAR PRESS, 8505 Evanston Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SONG Writers send for my New, Honest, original, successful, guaranteed contract. Totally different from all others. Splendid reference. Many hits. RAYMOND A. BROWNE, 729 Sixth Av., Suite 7, New York City

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO. PARNASSUS, PA.

AGENTS WANTED

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. *Write for special offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models **$10 to $27** with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1910 & 1911 Models all of best makes.... **$7 to $12**
100 Second-Hand Wheels All makes and models, good as new.............. **$3 to $8**
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE

We ***Ship on Approval*** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight,* and allow ***10 DAY'S FREE TRIAL.***

TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. L-58 CHICAGO

AGENTS $3 a Day

Selling our Guaranteed Hosiery for men, women and children. All styles and grades. Easy sales, big profits, big demand. Every pair guaranteed to last four months without holes or a new pair given free.

Best agents' proposition made. All want Guaranteed Hosiery. Sell every week in the year. Steady income. Write for terms and free sample to workers. THOMAS MFG. CO., 3917 Barny St., Dayton, Ohio

$3,000 a Year For You

AND if you are a real live hustler I will gladly pay you more. I've got the greatest money making proposition in the country for wide-awake agents; my plan is a sure business builder paying 150% to 300% profit. Others clear from $10 to $20 per day—$3000 to $6000 per year—selling my attractive Soap and Toilet Combinations. Write me for proof. This is no ordinary "agents proposition." It means big money for you if you act promptly and secure territory now. Write me today how to get FREE, finest and largest outfit. E. M. DAVIS, Pres., E. M. DAVIS SOAP CO., 304 Davis Bldg., 1332 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WE PAY $80 A MONTH SALARY and furnish rig and all expenses to introduce our guaranteed stock and poultry powders: money-back guarantee; outfit free; new plan; steady work. Address BIGLER CO., X 520, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

AGENTS Wanted. Agents are coining money selling our big 10c packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5,000 varieties." "BIG PROFITS." Sell everywhere at sight. Sample package 10c. Particulars free. SULLIVAN CARD CO., 1236 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kansas

don!" cried he, tossing off the ruby vintage. "Here's to the future bride of Becket LaFarge."

Red as the wine went the cheeks of the beautiful woman who heard this sentiment. She felt her blood flow indignantly to her very fingertips.

"By my troth!" said LaFarge, setting down the empty glass, "I must press the lips of my bride-to-be."

He came around the table with bulging eyes and a flushed face.

What a giant he was, a giant in slashed doublet and laced sleeves!

Rosamond's own face went very white again. She was helpless as against this human beast and in her own house, too He profaned the very carpet he trod, and there was no mercy in his bloodshot eyes. Oh, for her sword, thought the child of Sir Roger.

"Go!" she cried, pointing to the door, and her whole frame trembled as the command leaped from her lips. He did not move, but on the contrary slipped another foot forward.

"Not without the seal of our future happiness," he laughed. "The kiss of Becket LaFarge is promise of a happy life for you, my dove."

Would no one come? Alas, the servants were out, and she was alone with this monster.

All at once she thought she heard the opening of a door. LaFarge seemed not to have caught the sound, which, after all, may have existed only in her imagination. It was not repeated.

He advanced again. Rosamond, goaded to desperation, caught up one of the goblets and flung it straight at the face before her. Never went a shaft truer to its mark. It struck LaFarge fair on his mouth and was shattered.

He uttered a fierce curse and sprang forward. In a moment he seemed to increase in bulk. His hands darted forward, and as Rosamond retreated she uttered a cry which rang through the house. With the wall behind her she could go no farther.

At this juncture a door was thrown open. Into the room leaped a dandified figure in velvet, with plumed hat and a naked sword

"Foy!" cried Rosamond

The hunted maid of the court responded with a sword, as she threw herself between the wolf and the lamb. Something not only flashed before LaFarge's eyes, but it was laid across his face as he recoiled.

"Back, wretch!" cried Foy. "Your hands profane everything they touch!"

He staggered across the room with his blade half drawn, and Foy sprang after him with vengeance in her deep blue eyes. She drove the varlet to the door, and with the point of her rapier against his throat, forced him into the wide hall and thence to the outer portal.

Rosamond did not move till she heard the bolt shoot back into its place behind the French renegade, and Foy flushed with victory stood before her. She held out her hands to Foy.

"Take forever the thanks of Rosamond of Temple House!" she cried. "Come to me, Foy, and we shall be friends forever!"

Foy laughed.

"I wish I had let out some of the varlet's blood," she exclaimed. "But I would not stain your carpet with such infamous gore."

The two girls stood for several minutes in close embrace, cheek to cheek and eye to eye, and Rosamond's white hands unfastened the necklace which she wore and clasped it about her deliverer's neck.

"For your bridal, Foy," said she. "And when it takes place I will dower thee like a princess!"

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE BIRD ESCAPES.

The dismal prison on Princess Walk was as dark as Erebus. Not a sound came from behind its strong walls, and the only noise heard in the neighborhood was the monotonous swish of the river. The guards paced their lengths of stone flag in almost perpetual darkness.

King Edward's stronghold had kept its secrets for many years. The noble and fair had perished in the subterranean dungeons of the Black Pile, and had been blotted from memory by the circling years. It was a more dreaded place than the Tower, for in that famous prison were lighted cells and walks in the open air, but within the terrible structure on the banks of the Thames there were no such pleasures.

The mailed guard who stood behind the outer door was half dozing on his post when he heard voices beyond the massive iron portals. Suddenly his ears were saluted by a knock, and he started. He laid his hand on the ponderous key, but hesitated. Big Ben had struck midnight, and he did not know who had come with some new bird for the stone cage.

After a while he cautiously opened the door and looked out. Two figures greeted him. From what he could see they were tall men, well dressed and carrying swords, which peeped from beneath their long velvet cloaks.

"Orders from my Lord Buckingham," said one of the pair, putting his foot inside.

"Your papers, gentlemen," replied the guard.

"Get them out for his guardship, Jock," said one of the men, and at the same time he stepped across the threshold.

"Where's your lantern, man?" he put at the sentry.

The guard, taken unawares, stooped in the nearest corner and produced a horn lantern from its depths. A feeble light burned in the lantern, and he held it before his face. The next moment a hand fell upon his throat and closed there like pincers of flexible steel. The poor guard gurgled, but that sound was instantly suppressed.

"Bind him, Jock!" cried the man who was handling the watch. "His keys now. Ah, there they are at his girdle."

The half-stupefied man was speedily robbed of the prison keys and tossed aside. There was to be neither sound nor resistance from the guard any more that night

Jingling the heavy keys, the two men tramped down the main corridor and opened a door. Beyond this portal was another which led to a flight of steps. At the bottom was still another door, and presently Harle and Captain Brass—for the pair were those worthies—found themselves in the subterranean part of the Black Pile with a number of iron doors before them.

At each door they rapped and listened In response to their summons a voice was heard behind one of the giant doors.

"Quick! the key!" cried Harle. "Our bird is in this cage."

The key grated harshly in the lock, and Brass by main force pulled the portal open.

"Noel?"

"I am here!" and the young master of Audrey Chase stood before his deliverers.

His stare was a voiceless question.

"We've trussed the main guard," laughed Hawk. "But there may be others within hall."

The three now pushed down the darksome way toward the open. They proceeded with drawn swords and with every sense on the alert.

"Where's the trussed guard?" exclaimed Captain Brass, thrusting his boot into the corner behind the outer door. "The varlet has escaped!"

At that moment there were footsteps on the stairway leading to the upper quarters. Down the flight came several figures uttering cries of vengeance and our little party turned at once. The first man was hurled back by Jovis Brass, and the second was thrust through by Harle, and he fell heavily against his companion.

Noel tugged at the door and at last forced it open. All three rushed out. They flew down the street and vanished as soon as possible.

"We shall have the hounds at our heels!" cried Brass. "They'll beat the bush with all their ardor."

Half an hour later, in another part of London, Noel was looking into the faces of his friends.

It was the first time he had had a chance to speak.

"Who put you onto my trail?" he asked.

"The girl called Foy," answered Brass. "You owe as much to that damsel as to us, Master Neville."

"And I'll pay her back," Noel said.

Harle leaned against the table and passed his hand across his handsome face.

"This is what you get for robbing me of the Queen's signet," he said in merry tones.

Noel held out his hand.

"I'm glad my thrust was no deeper," he replied.

"I'll wear the scar to my dying day, and in memory of you, Noel. I'm glad it was no worse."

The night passed. There was a clatter of horsemen in the street, and Noel looked from a window.

"A body of men down there," said he, with a glance at his companions.

"Buckingham's minions, eh, Noel?"

"I know not, but we shall see."

A loud summons sounded on the lower door. All three descended and Noel shot back the bolt.

"What is the demand?" he asked, casting his eye over the armed men outside.

"Orders from his majesty," was the answer.

Noel held out his hand. The foremost man opened a paper and thrust it into his face.

"Zounds!" roared out the voice of Captain Brass. "'T is Buckingham's play!"

He took the paper from Noel's hands and held it to the light.

"You, Captain Quince, are not in the King's service!" he cried, addressing the leader. "I know you. Charles does not employ a man who once tried to rob the royal treasury."

The fellow flinched. Captain Brass flung the order of arrest into his teeth and laughed. Then he placed his sword point against the man's throat and bore upon it till the menaced wretch recoiled

"Confess!" said Brass through his teeth "Confess the lie, or by the souls of all the saints, I'll split you like a rabbit!"

There were other blades to back up the Captain's threat, and the rest of the troop fell back.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Quince, gasping. "I got the paper from my lord the Duke."

"I thought as much. Now get ye gone, or I'll stain Master Neville's stoop with your bastard blood!"

Captain Quince and his party retreated, and Noel slammed the door in their faces.

"Good riddance of the devil's crows!" laughed Brass, with the lofty air of the swashbuckler, as he turned to Noel and

(Continued on page eighteen.)

Factory to Family
Yours on Approval
No Money Down
No Obligations
Make Your Own Terms
Cash or Credit
20 YEAR GUARANTEE

30 Days FREE TRIAL

Take this machine into your home; use it as your own; try all its attachments, and if not exactly all we claim for it in every respect; if it is not handsomer, better made, more easy to run, and if it does not do better work than any machine three times its price, we will take it back and you will not be put to any expense whatever. Try it a month absolutely free; then if satisfied, make your own terms.

Cash or Liberal Credit Plan

Take a year, two years, or two and a half years to pay if you want to. It's all the same to us. You can have the KING Machine for about one-fifth as much as other high-grade machines rent for. This same machine formerly sold through dealers and agents for $45 to $65. Now offered direct from our factory to you on easy payments at about one-third its old price. We have cut off our wholesalers, jobbers, dealers, and agents, giving you their profits.

Save From $25 to $35

by buying from the only manufacturers in the world who sell **high-grade sewing machines direct from factory to family.** It costs you less to buy the KING than to rent any other high-grade machine from a dealer or agent. The KING won the gold medal, first prize, highest award at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. The judges officially declared it to be "The World's Best Sewing Machine."

Our 20-Year Guarantee

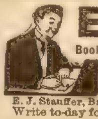
means if the machine proves defective in material or workmanship during 20 years of service we will replace it or refund your money. Our half-million dollar factory stands back of this guarantee.

Gold Medal Winner!

Strictly ball-bearing; has the newest drop-head automatic lift; is easy running and sews a perfect lock-stitch. Among the operations it performs are Adjustable Hemming, Hemming and Sewing on Lace, the French Seam, Frilling, Tucking, Binding, the French Fold, Braiding, Darning, Quilting, Ruffing, Plaiting, Ruffling between two bands, Edge Stitching, and Piping and Shirring. We positively guarantee that this marvelous variety and perfection of work cannot be duplicated by the attachments of any other family sewing machine in the world. The machine is complete and includes all the attachments. TRY IT THIRTY DAYS FREE. Then, if you wish to keep it, make your own terms.

Write to-day for our free 64-page illustrated catalogue and full particulars of the most liberal sewing machine offer ever made from factory direct to family.

KING SEWING MACHINE CO., 3043 Rano St., Buffalo, N. Y.



Earn BIG SALARY

Draughon's Home-Study training will put YOU on the BIG SALARY list.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Banking, Penmanship, Business Arithmetic, Commercial Law, etc., taught BY MAIL by the most famous business college in the world. Indorsed by business men everywhere. Money back if not satisfied on completing course.

W. C. Parsons, Railroad Stenographer, Chattanooga, Tenn.: "After taking Draughon's Shorthand BY MAIL I accepted my present position at $75.00 a month."

E. J. Stauffer, Bank Cashier, Mulberry Grove, Ill.: "Your Home-Study enabled me to fill this position."

Write to-day for free catalogue and our $1-a-week payment plan. POSITIONS secured.

Draughon's Home-Study Business College, Box 8, Nashville, Tenn.

$2 to Those Who Buy The Blade and Ledger From Our Boy Agents

There are 30,000 boy agents of the Blade and Ledger. That means that each week 30,000 hustling boys of the country are learning the principles of salesmanship in a way that they can understand. Into this training we are giving our boy agents, goes years of experience in dealing with them, and it has reached a high state of perfection.

It broadens the boy's mind and develops him along the right lines and helps to make a man out of him; it teaches him energy, initiative and helps him to help himself; it gets him over the timidity that hampers so many growing boys. In others it supplants brazen boldness with politeness and tact. Every one of our readers has had opportunities to see the result of the training we give.

Thousands of the Blade's readers each week buy a paper from a boy agent. They were first lead to become purchasers of the Blade through the efforts of some boy agent. The way that boy approached you, how he got you interested, the arguments he used to make you buy and those he used to overcome your objections and his whole conduct makes mighty good ideas, and we want you to tell us about it. We want to hear from everybody, and we will send a check for $2.00 to each of the twenty-five persons who sends us the best letters telling us how the Blade and Ledger agent sold them a paper.

These letters will not be judged by their fine literary character, but **WHAT THEY TELL.** We want to know about the sale, we want to know of an instance where the boy used good salesmanship in selling you the Blade and Ledger. We will not use your name if you object, but be sure to write us right away. If possible, send pictures. You can't tell, perhaps your experience is just the experience that we want to use. Any way, send your letter care of the

Boy Department, W. D. Boyce Company,

500 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

How She Helped.

Lady—Susan, I've come down to help you.

Servant—I'd much rather you didn't, please mum, I'm very busy today.

Cured Him.

Marks—By the way, old man, how about that cure for partial baldness you tried? Did it work?

Parks—You bet' I'm entirely bald now.

A CASE OF FRESH PAINT.

A Generous Rival.

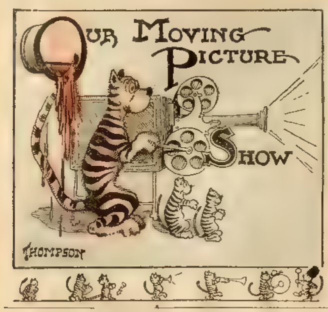
Dora—What a quantity of rice you threw after the bride!

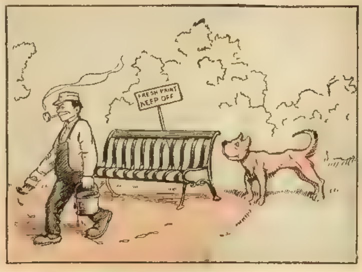
Clara—She'll need it before he gets his salary raised.

Poor Game.

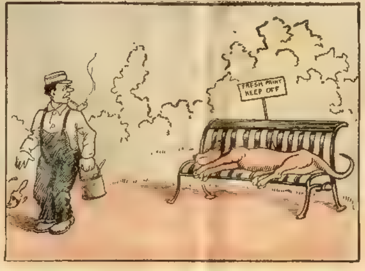
"What sort of luck did you have on your hunting trip?"

"Great. I missed two guides that I shot at by mistake."

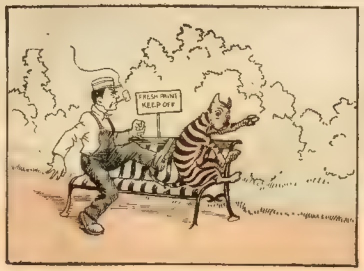




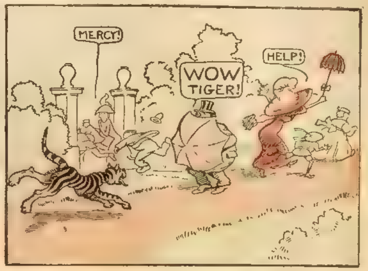
The Painter—There, that will look better.



The Painter—Look at that lazy brute!



The Painter—Get out of here, you big mutt!


MERCY!
WOW TIGER!
HELP!

The Populace—Help! A tiger! A tiger'

An Unpleasant Discovery.

Young Lady—Have you examined my piano?

Tuner—Yes, madam.

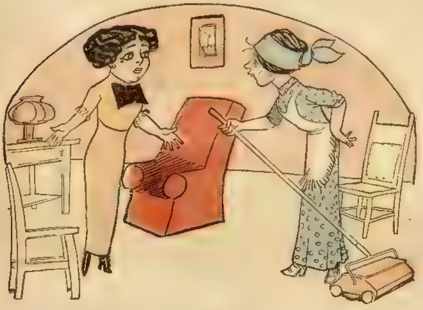
Young Lady—What's the reason it won't make a sound?

Tuner—Some one has lowered the soft pedal and nailed it down.

A Great Saving.

Aunt Dinah—Whatfoah you wears brack, Deakun Ebony? You am not a widower.

Deacon Ebony—I is economical, honey. One brush do me foan a hat brush, hair brush, clothes brush, shoe brush, and flesh brush.



Mrs. Neatleigh—Why didn't you dust the chairs?

The New Maid—I didn't think they'd need it. The dust will all come off as soon as they've been sat in.

A Hopeful View.

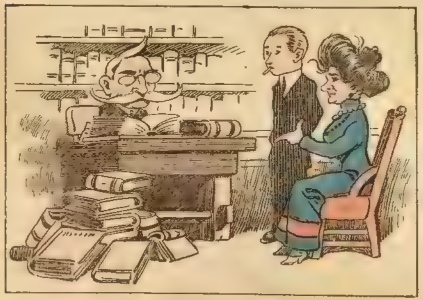
He (despondently)—Our marriage will have to be postponed. I have lost my situation, and I haven't any income at all.

She (hopefully)—That doesn't matter now, my dear. We won't need any. I've learned how to trim my own hats!

Of One Mind.

Mrs. Highmind—I think this betting at races is perfectly abominable. It's sinful, it's wicked.

Mrs. De Good—Indeed it is. My husband always loses, and I haven't had a new hat for three months.



Senator Scadds—I can't give Henry that appointment. He hasn't yet attained his majority.

Mrs. Scadds—Then why don't you buy one for him? You know you had to buy your majority when you were elected to the Senate.

Down on the Farm.

How dear to our hearts was the old
 horse and cutter,
The old horse and cutter we knew
 long ago;
We would get them both out with the
 first snowflake's flutter,
And keep them both going six hours
 or so.
The old-fashioned pair—how we'd grumble
 and mutter
When the woodpile was white and the
 north wind was raw,
For the horse was a sawhorse, and as
 for the cutter,
It was only an old-fashioned jerky
 buck saw.

❦

How He Knew.

A young father took his 6-months-old son down to the photographer's last week. A nice picture was obtained, and when he was informed that the prints were ready, he went alone to get them. Note this—he was not armed with the proofs, and the child's mother wasn't along.

And yet, out of sixty or seventy pictures of babies—for this photographer makes a specialty of kids—he unhesitatingly picked his own. Few mere fathers could have done it.

"How did you?" asked the photographer.

"I know my own child," replied the father, stalking proudly forth.

"How did you?" asked the mother.

"Why—er—dearie, when the picture was taken I pinned my lodge pin on his little dress. See how it shows up in the photograph?"

❦

Odd Isn't It?

That one can carry a mortgage and yet not be able to lift it.

That when a man is drunk he feels prompted to declare that he's "a gen'l'man."

That we talk of "dropping into poetry" when what we really do is rise into it.

That women talk of house gowns when what a house really wears is a coat of paint.

That the faster a man lives the less likely he is to keep up with his running expenses.

That a man may be calm and collected at his wedding, and yet may lose control of himself.

That the less material some people have to work with the longer it takes them to make up their minds.

❦

Managing Hubby.

Wife—I shall need ten dollars today.

Husband—Good gracious! I gave you ten dollars yesterday, ten dollars the day before, and ten dollars the day before that.

Wife—I need the ten dollars, or I would not ask it. I wish to get a new dress.

Husband—Oh! Well, you do need another dress, that's a fact. Here's the money. Can you get a dress for ten dollars?

Wife—No; but this ten and the other three tens make forty. Good-by, dear.

❦

He Was Qualified.

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug shop," said the fussy old gentleman. "Have you any diploma?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the shop man, "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."

❦

A Suggestion.

Alice—I got a hat at such a bargain this morning I just feel like hugging myself.

Dick—Hadn't you better have it done by proxy?

Caution.

"Are you giving credit now?" asked the man who had returned to his old home.

"No," answered the proprietor of the general store.

"What has become of that old sign you had over the counter, 'No Trust?'"

"I decided to take it down. I was afraid some of the corporations that supply me with goods would misunderstand it and take offense."

❦

Always Funny.

"Don't you think the joke is funny?"

"I certainly do."

"Then why don't you laugh?"

"My mind was occupied trying to place it. I think the last time I came across it was in a paper which credited it to Horace Greeley."

❦

The Ruling Passion.

Young Lady—Mercy me! And so, when fast in the jungle you came face to face with a tiger. Ooo! What did you do?

Modern Traveler (proudly)—Photographed it.

Promising Child.

The Caller—How is the little one?

Mrs. Munigrub—Fine. His eyes are as big as quarters, his hair shines like dollar marks and he can already count up to 60 cents.

A Lucky Fellow.

Mrs. Jinks—What do you think? A thief shot at Mrs. Bingle while she was sitting in her room, and the bullet lodged in a ball of yarn which she was winding.

Mr. Jinks—Well! well! Bingle is a lucky fellow, isn't he?

Mrs. Jinks—I should say he was.

Mr. Jinks—Yes, indeed. He has a wife who darns stockings.

❦

Suburban Woes.

Mrs. Suburb (joyously)—My dear, I've succeeded in getting a servant girl at last. Go to the kitchen and kiss her.

Mr. Suburb—Kiss her?

Mrs. Suburb—Certainly, I had to promise that she should be treated as one of the family.

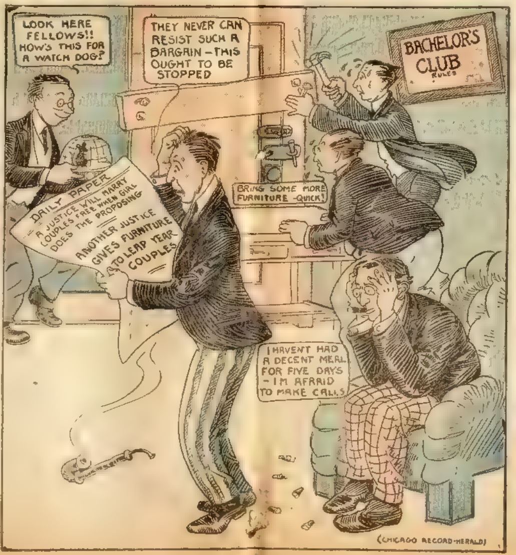
❦

An Evident Deception.

No, sir; I believe in being what you are. A man who will practice small deceptions is not to be trusted when it comes to the greater transactions.

"I see you practice what you preach, too. You don't even wear a mustache to hide your false teeth."

LEAP YEAR AT THE BACHELORS' CLUB.


LOOK HERE FELLOWS!! HOW'S THIS FOR A WATCH DOG?
THEY NEVER CAN RESIST SUCH A BARGAIN—THIS OUGHT TO BE STOPPED
BACHELOR'S CLUB RULES
DAILY PAPER
A JUSTICE WILL MARRY COUPLES FREE WHEN GIRL DOES THE PROPOSING
ANOTHER JUSTICE GIVES FURNITURE TO LEAP YEAR COUPLES
BRING SOME MORE FURNITURE—QUICK!
I HAVENT HAD A DECENT MEAL FOR FIVE DAYS—I'M AFRAID TO MAKE CALLS
(CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD)

Giving Him a Chance.

Country Editor—You have done me many favors, Mr. Richmann, and I shall certainly be glad to assist that young man by giving him work on my paper, as you desire. But as you admit he has no literary talent, would it not be better to start him in some other business?

Mr. Richmann (a rural philanthropist)—Waal, you see, it's this way. I got interested in the young fellow while visitin' at the jail, an' felt I'd like ter help him ter start fresh an' earn an honest livin'.

Country Editor—Of course.

Mr. Richmann—Yes. Give every man a chance, I say. Wall, I feel purty sure this young feller is a nat'ral born thief, an' I thought I'd better start him where there wouldn't be anything to steal.

❦

Unmixing Them.

Newspaper Foreman (blankly)—I'm in an awful box; got two cuts mixed. One is a picture of a mighty pretty girl, the other a terribly homely one. One belongs to the article on society belles, the other belongs in a patent-medicine advertisement, and I don't know which is which!

Editor—Who is the society belle?

"Miss Bullion."

"I don't know her. Is she an heiress?"

"Yes."

"Big heiress?"

"Worth a million."

"The pretty picture belongs to the patent-medicine advertisement."

❦

Folks From Maine.

The Governor of Maine was at the school and was telling the pupils what the people of different States were called.

"Now," he said, "the people from Indiana are called 'Hoosiers', the people from North Carolina 'Tar Heels'; the people from Michigan we know as 'Michiganders.' Now what little boy or girl can tell me what the people of Maine are called?"

"I know," said a little girl.

"Well, what are we called?" asked the Governor.

"Maniacs!"

❦

A Good Risk.

"Why did you trust this struggling young man for all these goods?" demanded the senior partner.

"I thought his prospects looked pretty fair," replied the junior partner. "He's struggling to marry an heiress, with very good prospects of success."

❦

Grumblers Preferred.

New Boarder—I s'pose you like boarders who will eat anything that's set before them and not grumble?

Mrs. Slimdiet—Bless you, no. I'd a sight rather they'd grumble and not eat.

❦

Next!

Madge—Do you believe in long engagements?

Marjorie—Gracious, no! I generally have 'em dead broke in about six months.—Puck.

❦

Senseless Pride.

Mother—What? Going to marry that fellow Ginsling? He's a bartender.

Daughter—Huh! You needn't talk. Your only son tends a soda fountain in a prohibition town.

❦

Realistic.

Wegg—Henpeckke has bought a motor-boat and named it after his wife.

Wagg—Can't manage it, eh?

An Accommodating Cannibal.

"I am going to win your heart, brother," said the missionary to the cannibal king.

"All right, doctor," replied the king. "That suits me. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Would you prefer to be roasted or broiled?"

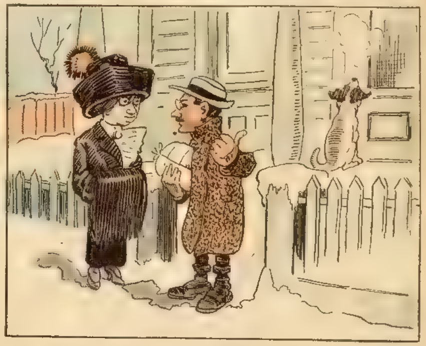
Mountain Lore.

"Any fish in this brook?"

"Government stocked it with trout once," replied the old-timer.

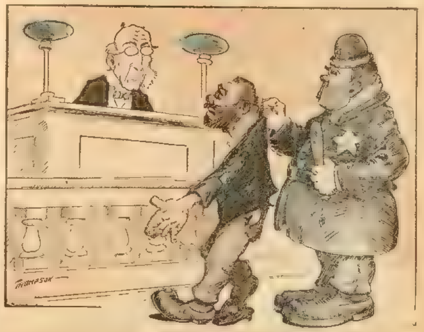
"But they won't come near a hook."

"They do seem smarter than other fish. I reckon maybe they had to pass a civil service examination fore the Government would notice 'em."



Mr. Doggon—That pup of mine sits down on the outside of the door and howls till I let him in and then he sits down on the inside and howls till I let him out. Did you ever see anything so foolish?

Mrs. Dill—Oh, I don't know. Did you ever consider man and the state of matrimony?



Prisoner—The other feller started the fight, yer honor.

Judge—How did he start it?

Prisoner—He started to run and that got me excited and I took after him.

A CLEW BY WIRE;

Or, The Spur of Necessity

By ARCHIBALD J. PAXTON

[Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 3, Jan. 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication

CHAPTER IX

"BREAD UPON THE WATER

THE first sensation Van Alstine had was of surprise from the rumbling tones he had certainly anticipated seeing a huge bulk of a man, possibly reeling in a condition that marked the half-drunken stage. Nothing of the kind

Instead, the fellow turned out to be a small specimen, though his manner of walking certainly testified to the fact of his being far from steady. Still, he might be in a communicative mood; especially when he felt some hard coin press the palm of his itching hand. That stood for more liquor, and to his class such a thing means bliss

He came toward the waiting doctor-detective. At least there was naught of shirking about him

"Excuse me, my friend, but could you tell me which floor the Widow Jones and her daughter live on?"

He put the question as plainly as possible

The other paused directly in front of him. Van Alstine could not see his face for a shadow seemed to delight in keeping it in semi-darkness; or else the party who had just come down those stairs made it a particular point to select this spot for stopping

"What d'ye want to know for?" he growled

Immediately Van Alstine knew that tone was assumed. It did not appear natural. Of course, such a thing was a small matter, for it was really no concern of his if this gentleman chose to appear the possessor of thick tones, when possibly he happened to own what might be a clear tenor voice

Nevertheless, even small things interested this man, who spent much of his time investigating conditions and studying the habits of the underworld, so that it had become a hobby with him.

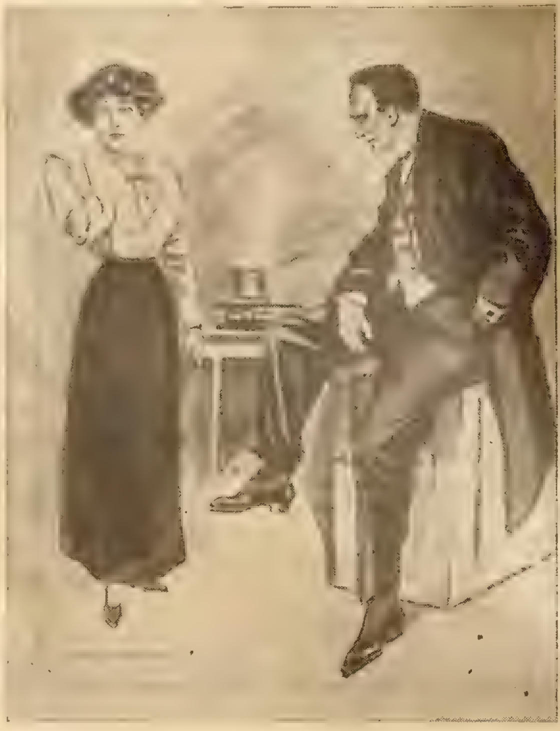
He might have speculated all sorts of things, and built up quite a weird romance about the other, given the time. But it happened that he was saved all this trouble, and in a most amusing way.

Some sort of vehicle chanced to pass the tenement just then. What it was Van Alstine never knew, for he did not trouble himself to turn his head, for a good reason. The light of its lamps, however, flickered for just three seconds on the face of the man standing opposite to him, so that he had a very fair opportunity to fasten his keen eyes upon his features

Instantly he made a discovery. The party who had just came down from the upper regions of the tenement was not a man at all, but one of the other sex

Half a dozen things confirmed this fact, even though his period of observation was confined to so limited a space of time. And of course Van Alstine instantly remembered that the communicative officer hovering outside was on the watch for a clever woman thief whom he knew to have a lodging within the rookery!

Van Alstine remained perfectly calm He knew of no reason why he should be anything other than self-possessed. This was none of his business, for just then he did not happen to be searching for a girl criminal—at least, not this one. And he did want certain information the worst kind.



"His curses rang in my ears. I was afraid."

If she could delude the waiting policeman, and make her get-away before the patrol wagon arrived on the scene with reinforcements—well, another time possibly the bungling force would put a man on the job better able to hold his own. So he proceeded to enlighten the other as to his status, and the reason why he should be searching for the Widow Jones at this late hour of the night.

"Well, you see, I'm a doctor, and a friend wants me to have a look at the sick woman!" he remarked.

He could not have chosen more wisely.

Surely that faint flash he detected at the point where the other's right hand hung, must be a bit of steel

It might be that the escaping thief considered herself in a desperate condition. Arrest to her must mean a condition of purgatory, so that she was ready even to attack a waiting detective rather than submit. And she had been about to leap at him when his words soothed her fears

Perhaps his voice had some effect upon her change of heart, for there was that in it to invite confidence. Still he could see her lean forward as though trying to make out his features in that dim light.

"What was the name of that friend?" she demanded.

Van Alstine laughed inwardly when he realized that in her new interest the woman had even forgotten her assumed gruff voice, which to her stood for all that meant a man. She was speaking in her natural tones.

"Frank Rollins, and he is a fireman," he replied, under the belief that possibly the lover of Alma must be known here.

Then came a sigh of relief.

"Oh! then it's all right. Third floor, and count the doors back, on the right until you come to seven. Then knock."

The information came readily enough now, and he could even wager that it was being given with unusual eagerness, if his diagnosis of the other's manner counted for anything. He wondered why.

Was this woman thief acquainted with Alma? It might not speak well for the young girl to admit a friendship toward a hardened character, for whom the "bulls" had a scoop net out just then.

His curiosity got the better of him, and he determined to learn something more, if possible.

"I have never met either of these persons; and this neighborhood is a pretty tough one. I hope they bear a good reputation. Frank speaks highly of them; but then he's blind to any faults in the girl he's keeping steady company with."

Just as he anticipated, this way of approaching the subject aroused the other at once.

"Don't you bother your head about that, Doc," she said, quickly. "The widow would die before taking a blessed cent that didn't come to her honest. And as for the girl, there never was a sweeter one made on earth. I've been tryin' to help 'em out, after a way, but it chances that I'm nigh dead broke myself, just now. And if either of 'em suspected how I got my livin', they'd starve before they touched a cent of it, that's no lie, Doc."

Van Alstine's interest increased with jumps and bounds. Here was a little episode that seldom came his way.

Think of this hardened female shoplifter or confidence woman showing a heart for innocent sufferers! It was all in line with his theories that there is seldom a rogue but who has some good point, if one only knew where to find it.

His mind was made up on the impulse of the moment. Perhaps he was doing wrong, and compounding a felony in the eye of the law; but then he was not in the city's employ, and so far as conscience went, that would not trouble him at all.

"Listen to me," he said, in a thrilling whisper that caused the other to shrink back, and again move that right hand, hanging at her side; "you are not what you pretend. No man has two voices, and you seem to be indulging in that luxury!"

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

* * *

Papers Sometimes Necessary.

Mrs. De Fashion—Where's the morning paper?

Mr. De F.—What on earth do you want with the morning paper?

Mrs. De Fashion—I want to see if the play we witnessed last night was good or bad.

* * *

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

A reservation of fertile valley land is now open in Mexico. Homesteads Free. Only requirement is to have five acres planted within five years. An authorized Improvement Co. will plant the bananas and market them on shares. Your share should bring $200 per acre, annually. Apply immediately. Address the Rio Tonto Land Co., Block 402, Greensburg, Pa. They are distributors for the U. S. The land lies between the river and railroad. Climate fine, eternal spring, never hot—never cold. Abundant rainfall. Three crops a year. You need not go to Mexico.

* * *

A Woman's Sarcasm.

Maud—Would you call Gerty Goldbags a beauty?

May—Well, p'r'aps I might if I were a young man, awfully poor, in debt, and utterly conscienceless

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa

* * *

Ready for Results.

Young Doctor—Congratulate me, old man. I am just preparing to visit my first patient.

Young Lawyer—Good! I'll go with you. Perhaps he hasn't made his will.

Finest Walls
Half Cost of Plaster

Applying Wall Board to Studding

Send for Free Book and Big Free Sample

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD comes to you in sheets 4x4 feet, all ready to nail on studs. Any man can put it on.

Build right through the winter and save a month's time. Ready at once for paper, paint or burlap. Makes handsomest walls, ceilings and partitions in residences or cottages. Ceil attic or cellar. Proof against cold, wind, dampness rats or other vermin.

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Better Than Plaster and Costs Less

Bishopric Wall Board is asphalt mastic (toughened asphalt in which kiln-dried dressed lath are imbedded). Surfaced with strong, well-sized cardboard. Lath is the only thing that makes wall board rigid and keeps it flat. Bishopric Wall Board is the only wall board made with lath.

Bishopric Sheathing Saves 75 Per Cent of the cost of application and is far better. No knot holes, no cracks. Made of the same materials as Bishopric Wall Board. Ideal binder for cement and stucco.

Makes rat-proof, bug-proof, moisture-proof bins, storehouses, barns, stables, dairy buildings.

Price of Bishopric Wall Board.—Each crate contains 16 sheets, 4x4 feet, making a total of 256 square feet. Price, $6.40 per crate of 256 square feet, or $2.50 per square of 100 square feet, f.o.b. Cincinnati.

Price of Bishopric Sheathing.—Each crate contains 16 sheets, 4x4 feet, making a total of 256 square feet. Price, $6.00 per crate of 256 square feet, or $2.35 per square of 100 square feet, f. o. b. Cincinnati.

Write Us—We Will Tell You How Much You Need

Tell us the length, width and height of the rooms you want to use it in and we will figure cost. Address

The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Mfg. Co.
182 Este Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio (8)

Snappy, Stylish Suit

Made to Your Measure, Only $12.00

Where can you duplicate this offer? Your tailor would ask $25 to $30 for the same suit. Why pay him such an enormous price for no better suit? We have been making honest tailored clothes at the lowest possible prices for over 15 years. We have thousands of satisfied customers. We make suits and overcoats to order for $12 to $24, prepay express and guarantee a perfect fit.

WE WILL SEND YOU OUR Samples and Style Book FREE

Why wear shoddy ill-fitting clothes? Just make your selection from our Style Book, which contains cloth samples, the latest designs and Fashion plates, showing the classiest, swellest styles ever created, that will mark you as a tasty, modish dresser.

Remember, we guarantee to fit you—we tailor to your exact measurement, cut and trimmed exactly as you want it. The Fort Dearborn National Bank of Chicago will tell you that we are responsible. There is positively no chance for a mistake with our simple, yet perfect, system of home measuring. Be sure and write today for our free samples. Local agent wanted in your territory.

MADISON TAILORS,
262 Central Union Block, Chicago, Illinois

E. R. MARDEN
President

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town start you in a profitable business of your own and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life Valuable Book and full particulars FREE. Write today.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
M 72 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.

FLOWER POST CARDS FREE. Five of our prettiest cards, all different, beautiful rich colored Forget-me-nots, Violets, Roses, Pansies, etc. Send 2c stamp for postage. W. H. Gates, 819 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

PATENT secured or fee returned. Free examination. Booklet free. Milo B. Stevens & Co., Est. 1864, 637 F St., Washington, D. C.; 357 Monadnock Blk., Chicago

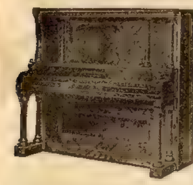
12 YOUR NAME IN GOLD 10c or town greetings on fine colored embossed Post Cards; 100 for 75c. N. L. Munro, 24 Vandewater St., New York

NEW BOOK, "JANE, 10c. Catalog of books and den pictures free. Bond Pub. Co., A-3, Columbus, O

Cornish Sent On A Year's Trial

Under Bond to Please or No Sale

Don't buy hastily—insist that the maker prove his instrument and you will know whether it will please you and is all the seller claimed.



Cornish pianos and organs are sent on trial (freight paid if desired) to demonstrate quality without obligating prospective buyers to keep them and are sold on a binding basis that, if not exactly as represented or in any way unsatisfactory, the instrument will be taken back at any time within a year, refunding all purchase money, and assuming all freight charges.

Sold At Factory Prices

By the Cornish "Year's Approval Plan" you buy intelligently, save one-third or more of regular retail price, and get an instrument of renowned quality and superior tone.

Perfection of material and workmanship guaranteed for 25 years.

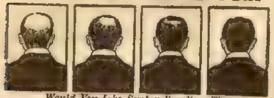
You Choose Your Own Terms Cash or Credit from One to Four Years — As You Like.

Send today for the handsome Cornish Book, which explains fully our very liberal terms of selling plans and shows the latest styles of pianos and organs. You should have this beautifully illustrated book, whether you buy or not.

Cornish Co., Washington, New Jersey *Established Over Half a Century.*

QUICK HAIR GROWTH!

Brochure Free To You.



Would You Like Such a Result as This.

HERE IS THE TRUE METHOD

Let us prove to you that the Koskott Method of hair growing is the genuine, scientific one. We will send you a valuable brochure FREE. Our Method is directed at removing the cause *dermodex folliculorum*—living micro-organisms—(germs) and opening the closed follicles so that the hair roots which are not dead, but dormant,(like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility and a chance to grow. FREE Ours is the treatment that MAKES GOOD or you can use it WITHOUT COSTING YOU A CENT. Koskott is for men's, women's & children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair and to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to answer this if you have wasted time & money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc which accomplish nothing. We want to surprise & delight you. Write (a post-card will do) mentioning you want our FREE BROCHURE.

Koskott Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, 356 R New York, N.Y.

NEW RUPTURE CURE

Don't Wear a Truss

RUPTURE

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial. Pat. Sept. 10, '01.

CATALOGUE FREE.

C. E. BROOKS, 119 State Street, Marshall, Mich.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for anyone giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address *FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.* Dept. A, American Express Building, Chicago.

THIS BEAUTIFUL RING FREE!

Set with four Sapphires surrounded with six bright sparkling Im. Diamonds. This is positively the most beautiful ring ever given and can be had without costing you one cent by distributing only four of our large beautiful pictures at 25c. by our special plan. We send pictures at once, all charges paid, all different, printed in 10 to 17 different colors. Send no money in advance. We trust you with pictures until disposed of. You can also earn Watch, Doll, Bracelet or Lace Curtains if you wish. KANSAS ART CLUB, Dept. 17, Topeka, Kan.

5 CTS. AN ACRE CASH

Texas School Land for sale by the State. You can buy good land at $2 per acre; pay 5 cents per acre cash and no more for forty years, but 3 per cent interest on the balance. Send 6 cents postage for further information. INVESTOR PUB. CO., Dept. L, SAN ANTONIO, Texas.

Embroidery Set FREE

This beautiful 5-piece Table Set, Wild Rose design—1 large Centerpiece with 4 doilies to match. Stamped on fine quality art linen ½ yd. long. This free to all who send only 10c. for trial 3-months sub. to our big fancy work and family magazine. Address Household E. S. Co., Dept. L, Topeka, Kan

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

There came no answer, but what might be a sigh.

"Don't attempt to do anything desperate, for I would be your friend. I know that you are a woman in disguise, and that your object is simply to get away from this tenement unobserved, because you know it is being watched by the police, who mean to nab you!"

Again came that long breath; it was as though the listener were held in check solely by some species of fascination in his words or tone. Van Alstine knew that he held the situation now in the hollow of his hand; and that desperate though she might be, she would not jump at him.

"Do you know why I am warning you in this way? It is because you were good to Alma and her mother. The woman who can turn aside from her evil practices to do a generous turn to those more unfortunate than herself is not all bad. The officer who is watching hides behind that pile of old rubbish. He expects the wagon at any minute now. That's all. Here is some change in return for the information you gave me."

He pressed the silver into her hand. Then her amazement broke bonds. She found her voice again.

"Say, are you a detective?" she gasped, astounded at the possibility of such a thing.

"I told you the truth. I am a doctor, and I know Frank Rollins You didn't expect anything back for what you did for these poor people; but don't forget that it pays to be kind. Now, you'd better skip out while you've got half a chance."

She did a strange thing then, possibly under the impulse of an emotion that seldom came her way—she seized the hand of the strange doctor and kissed it! And Van Alstine marveled greatly, for he had no doubt but that the woman was known to the force as a hardened character, who escaped their nets only because she proved more clever than they were.

He saw her flit out of the door, staggering away in an opposite direction to the pile of rubbish behind which he knew the bluecoat lay in concealment And there was no movement there, which would indicate that the "bull" never dreamed his prey was again escaping.

CHAPTER X

A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY

So Van Alstine climbed up to the third floor. He began to count the doors on the right until he came to the seventh. Then he knocked.

Already had he discovered a feeble ray of light under that same door, which told of the watcher beyond. Low voices reached his ear. No doubt mother and daughter were exchanging words of surprise that any one should be wishing to enter at that late hour. But perhaps they may have come to the conclusion that it was the woman who had already so often endeavored to befriend them.

At any rate, the door opened, and Van Alstine, looking beyond saw the dingy interior. He saw more.

The girl who stood there at the half-opened door, her large eyes fastened upon him in surprise and seeming alarm, was certainly a lovely little creature. And Van Alstine's very first feeling was one of dismay at the very thought of such a slender girl ever possessing enough courage to visit Doncaster and appeal to him for assistance.

Surely the necessity must be great indeed that would send her out on such an errand. And how was he ever going to believe that, detected in an act of rifling the safe of the rich man, really her own father, though he refused to acknowledge her before the world, she could in desperation pick up a hammer, and strike that awful blow?

All these things sped through his brain like lightning, even as a few seconds flashed by, and she stood there staring at the stranger.

"Pardon me, is this Miss Alma Jones?" he said, presently.

"Yes."

The word came weakly as though she could hardly contain herself for some reason. Did she think he might be an agent of the landlord come to dispossess them at this terrible hour of the night; or was there some other reason for her alarm?

"I am Doctor Van Alstine. I do not know whether my young friend Frank Rollins has spoken of me to you or not. But he interested me in your mother's strange malady; and I promised him that the first time duty called me into this neighborhood I would call and see what I thought about her condition."

"Oh!"

There was immediate relief in her tone. Perhaps the mention of Frank's name acted like magic upon her; or she may have found that her fears in another quarter were groundless.

She swung wide the door, just as though there were absolutely nothing to conceal in that room, and entered, not without a feeling of regret that circumstances compelled him to suspect even for a moment that so lovely a girl could have been guilty of such a terrible thing.

But he renewed his courage, and salved his conscience by remembering that he had come more in the hope and expectation of proving her complete innocence than in the belief that anything might be found looking to such a thing as guilt. For the time being he was the experienced physician once more. He found the sick woman cheerful, more so than he had anticipated might be the case. She seemed to know that her condition was serious, and that, deprived of the one chance to have the celebrated specialist operate, there was really no hope for her. But long suffering had reconciled her to the thought of going.

And while he talked in the pleasant and confidential manner of a physician, he was taking mental notes. Whenever the sick woman spoke tenderly of her daughter, and particularly of her loving obedience, he noticed a strange thing. Alma turned red, then white, and lowered her eyes. She could not look her mother in the face!

There was something, then, of which the woman herself was ignorant! What could that something be?

"I had about given up all hope that the advice of our doctor could be taken, and the services of Professor Verchow be secured; but lately Alma has hinted that there might be found a way. It is a secret, for she would not tell me a word; and I imagine she and Frank have thought of something."

This she confided to him in a low tone, the girl chanced to be at the other side of the room. It gave Van Alstine a bad feeling.

Perhaps Alma had only been thinking that she might by her pleading influence Doncaster to relent in his hatred toward the woman who had once been his wife. He sincerely hoped it might not be anything more.

"Your daughter has had to give up her position in order to be near you, madam, I hear?" he said, meaning to bring the conversation around to such a point that he could learn what he wished. For it was of the utmost importance that he find out something about the movements of Alma earlier in the evening.

"Yes, and that is what hurts me the worst of all; for I do not see how we are going to live. Frank is a noble fellow, and stands ready to marry my daughter right away; but I loathe the idea of being an incumbrance to them. If Heaven were only kind, and would gather in my soul while I slept, it would be the very best thing that could happen," she replied, sadly

"Oh! don't say that. There may be some happy years ahead for you yet Strange things happen in this queer old world. People change their minds, and sometimes relent, after they have vowed they never would."

She looked strangely at him, as though a dim suspicion flitted through her mind that possibly this wise doctor may have known something concerning her unhappy past. But she shook her head again.

"Some may, but others are made of adamant, Doctor. But I am not complaining. We reap what we have sown. Only it hurts me to think that my innocent child must share my wretched fate, when—but after all, she will be contented and happy as Frank's wife, when it is all over."

"He is a fine young man, I assure you, madam. Does the girl manage to get out for fresh air? She looks pale."

"Not as much as I would like. She was out this afternoon, while I had a good spell. I hate to have her on the street after dark alone, for we live in a neighborhood that is not safe. Generally Frank is with her at such times as he can get off."

"But he was not off duty tonight, was he?"

"Did Alma go out after dark?"

The eyes of the sick woman again sought his, with a slightly troubled look in their depths.

"Yes, she did, though I begged her not to. A good neighbor sat with me while she was away. I suspect that she must have gone to see Frank about something; but ever since coming back she has been acting strangely, and once I saw her wringing her hands and crying. Oh! I hope and pray nothing has happened to take him away from her, the only stay, the only prop now."

"Did she return about eleven o'clock?" he asked, seemingly carelessly, although so much depended on the answer to his question.

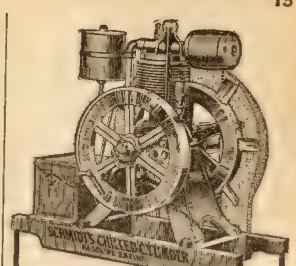
"Oh! you must have seen her on the street, Doctor. Yes, it was after that when she came in. And I have been wondering ever since what it was she placed away in that box over in the corner where we keep the medicines!"

Van Alstine shivered as he glanced quickly across the room to where she pointed. Alma had gone temporarily into the small apartment, evidently the kitchenette, since there were no evidences of a stove for cooking in sight.

"Ah! yes, you keep your medicines there, all that your doctor has prescribed for you. It serves the purposes of a medicine chest. I commend your wisdom in not allowing them to stand around. Sometimes it is criminally dangerous. Would you mind, madam, if I went over and investigated? It might assist me if I knew what my colleague had prescribed."

"Oh, no! Why should I, Doctor? Lift the candle with you as you go. It is the only light we have."

He felt guilty as he made his way across the room. Alma still remained beyond the connecting door, and the opportunity was too good to be lost. Setting the burning candle on the table close by, he gently raised the lid of the box. There were a dozen bottles of medicine,


SCHMIDT'S CHILLED CYLINDER GASOLINE ENGINE

$7.50 and You Keep This Great Engine

We will ship you Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine on your simple request, without an order or any promise from you. You use the engine 10 entire days—use it all you want to. Then, if you don't want it, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, pay us only $7.50 and you can pay the rest in the easiest monthly payments.

We Send This Engine Free

We do this to prove that it's the greatest air-cooled, 3-horse-power engine on earth. Also your choice of 1½ H. P. and 7 H. P. engines. We want you to see for yourself that it is better than any other engine that costs twice and three times as much. It is the only engine with the marvelous, powerful chilled cylinder. The only engine for farm use with a spark retarder. The new type gasoline engine that has revolutionized the gasoline engine industry. The only engine good enough to send out on actual free trial without paying a single penny down.

Ten Days' Free Trial

This is the first genuine free trial ever offered on a gasoline engine for farm and shop use. We want you to see that women and children can run this engine. Use the engine to run your pumps and any machinery you have

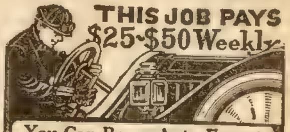
Take a Long Time to Pay

If you like this engine after trying it out for 10 whole days, you can keep it and take a long time to pay for it, on easy monthly payments.

Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine is absolutely guaranteed five years in every part. The biggest bank in Iowa backs our $1,000 challenge offer on our engines. Write to us promptly for particulars, and we will send you our valuable book, "How to Use Power," free.

Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works

Department 5021 Davenport, Iowa



THIS JOB PAYS $25-$50 Weekly

You Can Be an Auto Expert

We teach you the entire subject by mail in ten weeks' spare time, and assist you to secure good position. Demand for trained men can't be filled. Simple, practical and personal instruction. Free auto model to each student.

First Lesson FREE. Write for it Now. Get started at once

Send postal to *The Original Automobile School,* EMPIRE AUTO INSTITUTE, 835 Empire Building, Rochester, N.Y.

OWNERS—We Supply Competent Men.

Free to Trappers

Send us your name and address and we will send you a supply of these tags free. Put them on your furs when shipping and you are guaranteed absolutely the best prices. We are the most liberal fur house in America. SEND TODAY FOR FREE PRICE LIST. We Charge no Commission as we are Direct Buyers.

Lotz Bros.
119 Elm St. St. Louis, Mo.

LOTZ BROS. DIRECT BUYERS OF FURS ST. LOUIS MO.

4 Handsome RINGS Given

for selling 10 of our Im. Diamond Rings, Pins, Studs, Ear Drops and Brooches, assorted, at 25 cents each, on entirely new plan. Worn on the same hand with the real gems and all the rage in New York. Send no money. We trust you. Return $2.50 and these rings are yours, or your selection from 200 other prem's. Take back unsold g'ds.

Smith Co., Dsk-56F Skowhegan, Me.

Start a Business

In your own town and own it. You can run it at your home in your spare time or you can give it all your time. No rent, no canvassing, no hard work. Others will gladly work for you on commission. One man in his own home made $398 the first 32 days. A husband and wife, with only $14 capital, made $216.70 in seven weeks in a small village. You need no more capital than they had. Address Edwards & Stanford, 1931 Broadway, New York City.

Asthma REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

This Wife and Mother
Wishes to tell you FREE
How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 204 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

FREE 10 DAYS' TRIAL Same Electric Belts sold by doctors at $15 to $60; direct from factory, $2 and up; why pay more? Free 10 days' trial. Cures rheumatism, lame back, varicocele, nervous debility, paralysis, stomach, kidney or liver troubles, etc. Catalog 1c stamps. LEOTEY ELECTRIC CO., DAYTON, OHIO

GOLD SIGNET RING FREE Send your name and address for 12 packages of finest silk and gold Post Cards to distribute at 10 cts. each. Return us the $1.20 when collected and we send you this beautiful Signet Ring, warranted heavy gold finish, very stylish, not the cheap kind. SIGNET RING CO., Dept. 32, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

MAKE $2,500 A Year In Your SPARE TIME We teach you how and start you in business for yourself. You can learn on the side and make money hand over fist. Your friends will wonder how you do it. No matter what you are doing now, write for full particulars, today. Antiseptic Mfg. Co., 1848-1856 Barry Ave., Chicago

BIG VALUE COMBINATION for 10c 20 popular songs, words, music. 20 adventure stories. 25 pretty girl pictures. 20 new games. 25 pictures of presidents. 60 ways to make money. 1 great joke book. 1 love and courtship book. 1 book on magic. 1 book on letter-writing. 1 dream book and fortune teller. 1 cook book. 1 base-ball book with all rules. 150 conundrums. 50 verses for autograph albums. Send us 10c and we will send all the above and big novelty and jewelry catalog at once. IDEAL NOVELTY CO., 56 Sun St., Palmyra, Pa.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE BY MAIL. Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. Write today for free booklet and tuition offer. International Institute of Music, 98 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 857, New York

FREE For selling 20 pkgs. Art Post Cards 10c a pkg. Write today. Cards sent PREPAID. Satisfaction guar. PEERLESS WATCH CO. Dept. 805 Chicago, Ill.

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it; tells the time on watch through cloth. Apparently see your fellow, best girl or any object through cloth, wood or stone, any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price 5c, stamps or silver. L. KATHO CO., Box 2008, Philadelphia, Pa.

Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; $60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 22, London, Canada.

CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C. B. FARGO, Dept. D, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 768, Augusta, Me.

WE BUY Old False Teeth, Gold and Silver. Highest prices paid. You may have $1 to $10 worth or more and not know it. Money sent at once. S. Meyers Co., 2208 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY IN IDEAS—Edison, Greatest Inventor, tells "How to Invent" in booklet, sent free by HENRY N. COPP, Registered Patent Attorney, 61, Washington, D. C.

WE WANT YOUR NAME Send it to us with 2c stamp to pay cost of mailing and we will send you 5 most beautiful post cards. All free. Valley Post Card Co., Dept. 23, Topeka, Kan.

besides some absorbent cotton, and such things as gradually accumulate when a long spell of sickness hovers over a house. But the eyes of Van Alstine were instantly glued with a terrible fascination on a package covered with a newspaper, and tied with a cord.

Its whole appearance was rough and uncouth, as though it might have been hastily constructed, and under possible stress of excitement. He pulled at the cord, and quickly unwound it, without taking the package out of the box. Apparently he was only turning over the medicine bottles and reading the labels. In this fashion he managed to unroll the paper

As the packet was thus made to disclose its contents Van Alstine fairly held his breath in dire dismay. For he was looking on a heap of money, undoubtedly the proceeds of the robbery of Doncaster's safe!

CHAPTER XI.

ASKING ALMA.

Poor Frank!

And poor Alma!

Somehow, it was compassion that so nearly overwhelmed the doctor-detective, as he looked down upon what seemed to be the positive evidence of the girl's guilt. Circumstances must have forced her hand. Impelled by that intense desire to secure the needed funds to pay for the operation that might save her mother's life, she had taken a most desperate step. As so often happens, one false move called for another; and in the end had come the fatal blow, delivered in a sudden heat of passion.

But wait! He was not accustomed to judging any one guilty until overwhelming proof had been shown.

Apparently, the presence of the loot in this humble home, added to the fact of Alma's being away up to eleven o'clock should be enough. Then her strange actions since her return. Why should she wring her hands and allow the bitter tears to run down her cheeks, when she thought the sick woman was not looking?

Was it on account of bitter disappointment because the one hope she had been hugging to her heart had failed her when put to the test?

Or—

Few men would have allowed themselves even a shred of doubt under such apparently incriminating conditions as those now confronting Van Alstine. That he yet hung on to a slight hope might be the result of his persistent belief in the accuracy of his judgment; and the fact that he had not been able to read positive guilt in the face of that girl. All the same, it would require considerable explanation to wash away the cobwebs of doubt that had begun to blur his vision.

He did not attempt to take the package out of the box, though he did succeed in wrapping it up once more, much as it had been. When the girl again came in from the other room he was at the side of the cot, talking to the sick woman in professional language, soothing her with words of hope that sounded wonderfully refreshing, though perhaps with scant foundation.

"Would you mind if I asked Miss Alma to step into the other room for a little while, madam? You know we doctors like to invest our most common tactics with something of an air of mystery. But there are really a few questions I would like to have her answer."

"Do what you think best, Doctor. Somehow I seem to feel that you mean to be a good friend to us," answered the sick woman, giving him a look of confidence.

"I sincerely hope I may be," replied Van Alstine, and he meant it too.

The girl did not manifest much interest. Evidently she believed he meant to ask her if the other doctor had really given up all hope, while not letting the patient know the fact.

She led the way, and as Van Alstine followed, he managed to draw the door shut after him. Not for all the worlds would he have that mother know what he expected to say to the daughter.

Just as he had believed, he found that the adjoining apartment was used for a kitchen. It was hardly larger than a good-sized closet; yet he was delighted to find it scrupulously clean.

"Please sit down here, where I can talk with you."

A second candle burned on an upturned barrel.

Alma looked as though she might have objected to seating herself while he stood; but something about his manner seemed to impel her to do as he said.

"You wish to ask me about my mother, and what Dr. Harvey says?" she observed, sighing dismally, as though she would not have any good information to impart.

"No, I want to talk about yourself, Miss Alma."

"Oh!"

Now she looked at him with kindling interest, and apparently awakening fears.

Did a suspicion suddenly spring into being to the effect that this gentleman who had come to see them at so strange an hour, might be other than he had represented himself? She shrank visibly from him. A little glow of alarm, bordering on terror of what was to come, seemed borne in those beautiful eyes that seemed liquid wells of truth.

"I am interested in you for more than one reason, my child. What I said to you about knowing Frank [illegible] is the truth. So, also, am I a doctor, and have long practiced in New York. I am deeply interested in the condition of your poor mother, and agree with your own doctor when he says that her one hope is an operation performed by that wonderful man, Professor Verchow. But, Alma, I am interested besides in another thing. I know your secret!"

He expected to see her shrink from him at this abrupt avowal, and her violet eyes to fill with horror. Nothing of the kind occurred, however.

True, she stared at him for a minute, as though hardly able to grasp his meaning. Then a light broke over her face. Why, she was almost smiling now, and the pallor seemed to be giving away in a flash to a rosy color.

Was ever guilt like this?

This investigator of crime had yet to see it; and he realized, that, if after all, Alma proved to have been the one who struck that fatal blow, then must he be in contact with an actress of no mean merit. But he knew he was up against a deep mystery, and one that must be speedily solved if he wanted any real peace of mind.

"Oh! did he tell you?" she asked, in a voice that trembled from some hidden cause.

"I know the story of your mother's wretched history, and that by rights your name should be Doncaster, rather than Jones," he went on, having a goal in view toward which he meant to lead her irresistibly.

"But you do not know that she has ever since repented of her one sin, and led a blameless life. I told him it could be proved; but oh! he would not listen to me, and looked so black at just the mention of her being yet alive. He cursed her horribly. I would have fled from him, never wishing to look on his face again, only that there was a great necessity that kept me from doing so," she said, eagerly at first, when telling of her faith in that beloved mother; and with a shudder, as well as some traces of indignation, almost anger, in her tones, as she spoke of Doncaster's hatred for the wife who had once trailed his name in the dust.

"You left him without anything being arranged?"

"Yes, yes. He said——"

"What did he say?" as she hesitated.

Alma seemed to swallow something that was choking her.

"He told me that if I would leave her, and never try to see her again as long as I lived, he would take me into his home as his daughter, and acknowledge me to the world as such."

She spoke the words haltingly, as though they breathed something which she fairly loathed.

"But you did not accept those hard conditions?"

"How could I? Not for all the world would I give her up; and for money, too. Oh! I begged him to save her life by an act of generosity. I assured him that neither of us would ever annoy him again while we lived. But he would not promise," and she shook her head sadly.

"What did he do?"

"He would draw me to him and stare in my face. Sometimes I even thought he was going to relent. Then he would grind his teeth together, oh, so fiercely! and push me away from him with a curse."

"That was because he saw your mother in you, and his bitter wrongs of the past arose before him again."

"Yes," she sighed. "I believed that later when I was coming sadly home to her. And as the minutes crept on I could not get the little hope out of my heart that if I could only see him again I might move him by my entreaties. It would not let me be, and finally I even made up my mind I would go back to see him once more."

"Yes. Your mother said you went out. What time was it, do you know, Alma?"

He spoke quietly, and his manner did much to soothe the now excited girl.

"It must have been after ten. I knew Frank could not get around, and that I must go alone. Yet it frightens me to be out on the streets in the night."

"Well, did your second mission turn out any better than the first?"

"Oh, I was a coward after all, sir! When I got to his grand house I dared not go up the steps and ring the bell. Three times I went away, only to creep back, and look longingly at the light which I could see just under the drawn shade in his library. His curses still rang in my ears. I was afraid!"

"Do you mean, then, that you did not enter the Doncaster house again after that first visit early in the evening?"

"No, sir, I did not. But I am resolved to see him again in the morning, and agree to anything he asks, if only he will give my mother one last chance for life."

How naturally this fell from her lips! The sentiment was most charming, and Van Alstine must have experienced a positive conviction that Alma could be none other than innocent, only for one thing. And that stood up like a mountain demanding an immediate explanation.

The contents of Doncaster's safe—how could they have come in her possession unless she had, contrary to her declaration, again entered that house, and been detected by the owner robbing his safe?

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAN WHO LIMPED.

"Do you mean that if he demanded the sacrifice you would even give her up,

SIX QUARTS LIQUOR $1.00

To introduce our famous liquors into every home we will ship all charges prepaid "ZANOL" for SIX FULL QUARTS of LIQUOR FOR $1.00 your own selection. What do you use—Rye, Bourbon, Corn or Sour Mash Whiskies, Gin, Rum, Peach, Apple, Apricot or Cognac Brandies, Cordials, etc.?

SAVE THE DEALERS ENORMOUS PROFIT.

Let us show you how. We are experienced distillers and we will show you how to make your own liquors at home, SAVING FIFTY PER CENT OF THE DEALERS PRICE with "ZANOL" Extracts. Strictly legitimate. Two minutes does the work. Liquors made with "ZANOL" are delicious and pure. Awarded Gold Medals at the Columbian Exposition. Thousands of satisfied customers. Guaranteed by us under the U. S. Pure Food Laws, Serial No. 22115-A.

TRY ONE QUART OF WHISKEY FREE

Put it to any test you want and if it is not the best you ever tasted, return the balance at our expense, your money will be immediately refunded. Send order today and we will send flavors for

SIX FULL QUARTS WHISKEY $1.00

All charges prepaid. Plain package, any assortment you desire. Twelve full quarts, $1.50; twenty-four full quarts, $2.80. FREE—Our Booklet, "Secrets and History of Making Liquors at Home," sent free to anyone sending us their name and address.

UNIVERSAL IMPORT CO.
4156 Universal Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

I'll Rid You of Your Asthma

I Will Send You A Free Trial Of My Treatment To Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma,—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.

Quick Relief With My Treatment. Try It And Prove It.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 142, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

A WOMAN'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular, or of the joints, sciatica, lumbagos, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 457, South Bend, Ind.

30 Days' Free Trial 365 Days' Test 3 Years To Pay

We Save You $128 to $222
Take Your Own Time To Pay
No Interest—No Collectors

Send No Money

Let us send this artistic piano to you at our expense. We pay the freight. You pay nothing down. Try it for 30 days. If we cannot satisfy you with the piano, we will pay the freight for its return. Take 3 years time to pay if satisfied.

Reed & Sons PIANOS

At the World's Columbian Exposition they won the highest award medal. We offer you direct-from-factory-to-home wholesale prices on Reed & Sons Pianos, giving you the highest artistic quality at a price much lower than your dealer would charge you for a cheap, inferior instrument.

Big Book Free Clip coupon below. It will secure for you our Special Proposition and Prices all in handsome colored illustrated catalog sent free. A 2c stamp will save you dealer's profit.

REED & SONS PIANO BOOK

Fill In Coupon Today,

REED & SONS PIANO MFG. CO.
Dept. L9 Cor. Jackson Blvd. and Wabash Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.
Send me your Big Free Book and Piano Offers.
Name.......................................
Street........................R. F. D..........
Town ....*County*..........*State*.
Capital and Resources $1,750,000

YOUR OWN BIG DOLL

Yes, we want to GIVE you this beautiful, golden-haired doll. She is 2½ feet tall, and you need not spend a cent of your money to get her. But let me tell you more about this charming little lady. She cannot be broken, has cheeks like two pink roses, and with her big brown eyes and lips that look as if they wanted to be kissed, she will make you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] your own outgrown clothes or some of the baby's. With a real child's dress on and a red bow that can't get lost or come untied in her bright curls, you will have a baby that all your little friends will admire, and you will love her better than your other dolls, because she is the kind that won't break, lose her eyes or snarl her hair.

This doll is stamped in beautiful colors, on strong cloth, and mamma can sew her up on the machine in ten minutes. The printed directions will tell her how to make Miss Dolly so she will sit down, bend her arms and legs, and allow you to place her in all kinds of natural positions. She has on bright red stockings and black laced boots that will not wear out or grow shabby. She is the kind of doll your grandma used to play with, only the stuffed dolly of her day had no pretty face like a little live girl. Her eyes, nose and mouth (and hair, if she had any) were made with ink or a burnt match.

Now you want this pretty baby doll, don't you? We will send it to you if you will get one friend to give you 25 cents for a year's subscription. Send the money in stamps, and we will send you the doll, and your friend the paper.

The Welcome Guest, Desk 24-F, Skowhegan, Me.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen Varicose Veins Painful, Knotted, Tortuous, Ulcerated, Ruptured, Bad Legs, Milk Leg, Thrombosis, Elephantiasis. It takes out the inflammation, soreness and discoloration; relieves the pain and tiredness; reduces the swelling, gradually restoring part to normal strength and appearance. ABSORBINE, JR., is a mild, safe, pleasant antiseptic liniment, healing and soothing. Severe cases where veins have ulcerated and broken have been completely and permanently cured. First few applications of ABSORBINE, JR., will give relief and prove its merit. $1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Detailed directions, reports on recent cases and Book 6 G free on request.
W.F.YOUNG,P.D.F., 337 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Big Special Offer

We want you to see what big values we offer in embroidery goods. Send today for this dainty tea apron stamped on fine cross bar lawn. For either lace or button-holed edge, only...... 10c

THE ARTICRAFT CO.,
Dept. K, Springfield, Mass.

POSTCARD BARGAINS

10 Valentine Cards...10c | 10 Easter Cards..........10c
10 Birthday Cards....10c | 10 Washington B'r'day Subj'ts 10c
3 Valentine Letters.10c | 4 Valentine Booklets....10c
Any three 10-cent packages for 25c.
100 Colorado View Cards 80c | 100 Valentine Cards 80c
100 General Assortment..75c | All sent Postage Paid.
Capper Post Card Co., Dept. 109, Topeka, Kan.

SONG POEMS WANTED

YOU may be able to write a big seller. Thousands of dollars in successful songs. Send us your WORDS or MELODIES. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Washington only place to secure copyright. Address H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 220, Washington, D. C

HYPNOTISM Learn this wonderful science. Influence others and make fun and money. YOU may learn it. Write for free particulars to M. D. BETTS, Desk 15, Jackson, Mich.

after she had recovered?" he asked, meaning to try the girl.

"If necessary I would do even that. No sacrifice must stand in the way of saving her life.'

"Suppose he should also insist that you forsake Frank?'

Alma gave a little gasp, as though that possiblity had never as yet come before her.

"Oh! would he ask even that? But if I could forsake my mother, surely I ought to be strong enough to turn down my hopes of happiness. Tell me, do you come from him—my cruel father? Are you a messenger?"

Van Alstine hastened to shake his head in the negative. Remembering how that same father had gone to give an account of his own shortcomings in the flesh, he knew only too well that Alma would wait long if she expected the coming of any word from his lips

"Did you come straight home after finally making up your mind that you were not strong enough to confront him again tonight?" he went on.

"Why, yes. I hurried, for I thought I had already been longer than I had said I would to Mira.'

"Who is Mira?'

"A good, kind girl who has the next room to ours. She works somewhere in an office, though she has such funny hours that she is often at home daytimes.'

"Oh!" said the detective, as he remembered what sort of a business the woman mentioned really carried on; and he smiled to think how readily Alma had believed the story of the female thief.

"But you were very careful were you not, lest you lose the package as you came back home through these narrow streets, where bad men and women congregate in the late hours of the night."

Was the look assumed, or did she feel astonished that he should be aware of a fact she believed was her secret

How did you know about it, sir? It could not be that you were the one who stopped me with that pitiful story? Oh, [illegible] You are much heavier than he was, and your name is not Tranter, either.'

"Tranter—did he say that was the name?"

Yes, sir. I was not to give the package to any one who did not call himself by that name."

"Ah, yes! Just where did you meet this strange gentleman, Alma?"

It seemed to be unfolding like a fairy story, and while staggered by the developments, yet Van Alstine kept right along probing in his accustomed fashion, fascinated by the uncertainty of what his next question might bring to light

"Just after I turned away the third and last time. He overtook me, limping as if suffering, and groaning horribly.'

"But did you not think it very strange that any one should stop a girl whom he did not know on the street, and hand over a package which might contain the proceeds of some robbery for aught she knew?"

"You frighten me, sir. Truly, I never once thought of such a terrible thing. He seemed so like a gentleman, and was so much afraid of giving me trouble. Besides, as you know, just then I was filled with my own disappointments, and hardly able to think what I was doing.

"True, you accepted the package from him, then?"

"I let him lay it in my hands; and when he asked me, I promised to keep it safe until he came for it.'

"Of course he asked for your name?"

"Yes."

"And where you lived?"

"I told him that myself before he asked."

"And it did not appear to worry him when he found that it was away over in this section of the city, far from Riverside Drive, and where the straving tens of thousands that are trodden down, live?"

"Oh, no, sir! He did not say so. He seemed to think only of the pain of his sprained ankle; and he limped terribly when he left me"

"But what sort of reason did he give for handing over this package to the first one who came along? It surely must have been a remarkable excuse."

She looked concerned.

"Perhaps I have been foolish in doing what I did, and believing what he told me. But oh, sir! money means so much to us just now, and he put five dollars in my hand to pay me for my trouble. And then I was bewildered, only anxious to get back home here, so I let him have his way. I carried the package with me It is in the medicine box now."

"Yes, I know it, Alma. Your mother said she had seen you put something there, and I looked. Now tell me just what he said to you.'

"He told me that he was a lawyer who had been visiting a rich client, and was taking home some papers that had been committed to his care. He said that a wicked nephew of the old man was very anxious to get possession of these papers, and that it would be to his advantage if he could do so."

"Yes, that sounds very fine; please go on."

"His cab had disappeared, and he was making his way to the nearest station of the elevated, when he believed he saw two men dogging his steps"

"Ah! yes, to be sure. Of course that excited him, for they could be no other than the wicked nephew and some unscrupulous accomplice. He ran then, of course?

"Yes, and turned his foot Oh! he did limp very much, and groaned with every sentence. It must have pained him terribly. So you see, he was afraid that now he could not run, they might overtake him, and get those valuable papers"

"To be sure. And seeing you just at that opportune moment, he believed it to be good policy to trust to your honesty rather than take chances?"

"If you had heard him speak, sir, you could hardly repeat his words better; for that was just what he did say It sounded to me as if it must be true. Besides, I had seen a couple of men just before, and they seemed to be looking for some one, too Then he was in such evident pain. I just had to believe him; and almost before I knew it I was holding the package, and he limping away"

"That was the last you saw of him?"

"Yes, sir. He turned once to wave his hand to me Then he disappeared in the darkness.'

"Still limping, of course?"

"More than ever, poor fellow. I wonder if they did catch him, and if he was hurt worse because they did not find those papers?'

Van Alstine did not laugh, much as he wanted to. He also felt something akin to consternation. In all his varied experiences he could not remember ever having run across such innocence, such blind faith in humanity, such artless confidence.

One thing caused him to ponder upon the matter. What could have caused the unknown to hand over the proceeds of his robbery to a girl whom he had never set eyes on before, and who, for aught he knew, might simply appropriate the spoils to her own use?

Perhaps he had some reason to fear that a couple of plain clothes men were hunting in the vicinity, even on his track, it might be. If they caught him with that loot, and the murder of Doncaster were discovered later, his path to the electric chair would be manifestly a short one

To get rid of the incriminating evidence and yet with a show of being able to secure it again, perhaps he had resorted to this clever trick. Such rogues are up to many strange devices in order to attain their ends without paying toll

Then, again possibly the sly rascal [illegible] have been a good reader of faces; and in that of Alma he had seen an innocent soul which could be trusted [illegible] and almost unbelievable as her story appeared, it gave Van Alstine a most satisfying sensation

Why, he would be willing to swallow an explanation to account for her possessing that fatal bundle, even more remarkable than this, if he could only feel that the guilt connected with that bloody deed did not hover over her fair head And again he thought of Frank, this time with something approaching joy. For if it only proved that Addison Doncaster had come to his death at the hands of some outsider, there was going to be a season of great rejoicing in these humble rooms of the Widow Jones and her daughter.

For had not Lawyer Garrabrant declared that he held the last will and testament executed by the dead man, in which he left the bulk of his vast fortune to his only child, Alma, provided her identity were proved beyond any doubt? And not a word of his former wife, whom he fully believed had long since departed this life.

"Of course you understand now, my child, how remarkable such an explanation must sound. That man was playing a part. He was no more lame than I am at this minute. And the package he gave you contains loot he had stolen from a safe!" he observed, after he had digested these facts for a brief period of time.

"Oh! what have I done, then, in my stupidity? But I hope you will believe me, Doctor, that I never once suspected anything wrong!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; which forlorn action seemed to have become a second habit with the poor distressed girl of late.

"You can perhaps assist me to locate

(Continued back on page nine.)

ONE YEAR'S TRIAL

Use this new Luther Farm Tool Grinder for 365 days before you decide to keep it—The greatest time, money and labor saving machine ever invented. **It must make good**—otherwise we could not make the most liberal free trial offer ever known. Use it as a sickle, disc or tool grinder, forge, milk tester, flexible shaft grinder, horse and sheep clipper. Mechanics use it as a jig and circle saw, lathe, drill, etc. The 30 attachments make this the indispensable farm and shop tool. So low in price, everyone can afford it. **Shaft drive, steel frame, enclosed dust proof bearings.** Will last a lifetime, runs easy. **Dimo-Grit** wheels, hard as diamonds, will not draw temper from steel. Cuts 25 times faster than grindstone, 10 times more efficient than emery—**guaranteed for 5 years.** Free 40 page book tells all about this wonderful grinder and gives particulars about our **low price introductory offer.** Write for it at once.

Luther Grinder Mfg. Co., 336 B Stroh Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

WHISKEY

Extra Quart Free with trial order for OLD COMMANDER BOURBON straight, pure, honest Whiskey, made in old Kentucky. Wholesale price, 1 Gal. $3 00; 2 Gals $5 50, express paid, except to Cal., Colo., Wyo., Wash., Utah, Ore., No. and So Dak., Ariz., Nev., N.M., Mont., Idaho and Southern part of Texas. (75c per gal. extra in these states). If you would like to test our whiskey send us a trial order and we will send you an Extra Quart Free with 2 gallons or 1 pint with 1 gallon. If you don't find our whiskey equal to any other at any price keep the extra quart, return the balance, and we will refund your [illegible]
KENTUCKY CO-OP. DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY

2 RINGS GIVEN

Sell 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each. WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the $1 and we'll send 2 beautiful rings or choice from premium list. Reliable firm, estab. 15 years
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 89, Woodsboro, Md.

$1.20 Worth of Flower SEEDS
Postpaid For Only 10c

1 Pkt. Asters, Floral Park Mixture
1 Pkt. Pansies, Extra Giant Mixed
1 Pkt. Carnations, Finest Mixed
1 Pkt. Star Flower, a Novelty
1 Pkt. Mignonette, Sweet Scented
1 Pkt. Alyssum, Carpet of Snow
1 Pkt. Poppy, Double Carnation Fld.
1 Pkt. Candytuft, Sweet Scented
1 Pkt. Petunia, Finest Mixed
1 Pkt. Portulaca, Choicest Mixed
1 Pkt. Summer Cypress (Burn'g Bush)
1 Pkt. Sweet Pea, Large Fld. Mixed

We will send the above 12 packets of First Class flower seeds, our new illustrated Garden Annual, and a due bill giving you your money back, all for 10c postpaid.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Box 466 FLORAL PARK, N. Y

LOW PRICES for this handsome FENCE

100 other styles. Many cheaper than wood—all better. For Lawns, Churches, Parks, etc. Write for Pattern Book and special offer.
THE WARD FENCE CO., Box 999 DECATUR, IND.

GREIDER'S FINE POULTRY

Book and calendar for 1912 contains 200 pages. 72 varieties pure bred, 62 colored plates. Many other illustrations, descriptions. Incubators and brooders. Low prices on all stock eggs. How to raise and make hens lay. Get my plans. They all say it's great—this book—only 15 cents.
B. H. GREIDER, Box 33, Rheems, Pa.

FEED SOUR MILK

And Increase Your Egg Yield 25 Per Cent.
Government Station Results—All about it in Free Pamphlet.
Address BOX 111-J, Brown's Mills N. J.

Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY and SQUABS

Tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed 4c. F. FOY, Box 16, Des Moines, Iowa

GINSENG is easily grown, clears $100 per square rod Book Free. Seed Cheap. T. J. STOUT, S.R. 283, Edinburg, Ind.

Pure Bred Chickens FREE

We Give Roosters, Hens, Mated Flocks and Eggs for Hatching from America's Best Breeders of Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds, Brahmas, Minorcas, Hamburgs, Langshans and Orpingtons. This will start you in the fancy chicken business. You can choose your favorite breed. This is not a contest but one of the famous offers of the Webb Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn., publishers of Poultry Herald, who have already given away over $100,000.00 worth of presents, including 39 Shetland Ponies and other pure-bred live stock, to advertise our papers. Any banker will tell you that this company is absolutely reliable. If you are not interested in chickens, let your boy or girl write us for particulars. Just say: "Tell me how to get some of those chickens." POULTRY HERALD, 244 Webb Bldg., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Piles Cured at Home

Quick Relief—Trial Package Mailed Free to All—in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but can be cured if you go at it right.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, humiliating and rarely a permanent success.

There is just one other way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Remedy.

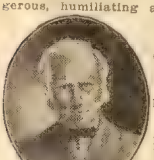
We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you quick relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

Insist on having what you call for.

Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 291 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free, by return mail, the trial package in a plain wrapper.



FREE SUIT

This well-known company makes this startling announcement. To advertise our high-class, made-to-order clothes we will make you a fine suit to your measure and deliberately present it to you with our compliments. Don't pinch yourself to find out if you are dreaming. This suit will be the best you ever wore. Show it to your friends—tell them casually who made it.

We Mean Exactly What We Say

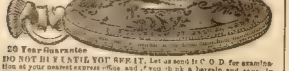
Be wide awake to this big, smashing opportunity and send in your name at once. This wonderful offer is absolutely on the square. We are a well and favorably known Chicago firm whose word is as good as a bond. If you don't know our reputation for honesty and square dealings, ask National Bank of the Republic, Chicago.

We Send 70 Samples To Pick From

--also style charts, measurement blank, tape, etc., without any obligation on your part—just as soon as we get your letter--and we *prepay everything*. Remember, the time of this offer is limited. We'd use a full page if we wanted everybody to know about this. Men who have the keenness to find this small advertisement, to read it and to answer it are just the type of men we favor. So send on your name and address to us at once--NOW.

SPENCER, MEAD CO., Dept. 46 Chicago

P. S.—We desire a few more live hustlers to earn $8 to $10 a day managing some of our agencies, open soon.



THIS THIN MODEL 20 YEAR WATCH $3.75

Elegant hunting case beautifully engraved gold finished throughout, stem wind and stem set fitted with 7 jeweled American made lever movement, guaranteed 20 years with long gold finished chain for Ladies, vest chain or fob for Gents.

$3.75

20 Year Guarantee

DO NOT BUY UNTIL YOU SEE IT. Let us send it C. O. D. for examination at your nearest express office and if you think it a bargain and equal in appearance to any $15.00 gold finished watch pay the express agent our special sale price $3.75. Mention if you want Ladies', Men's or Boys' size.

MUTUAL SALES CO., A 10, Washington Blk., Chicago, Ill.

1912 CALENDAR FREE

Four very finest Souvenir Post Cards and a beautiful and dainty New Year Calendar ornamented in gold mailed free if you send 2-cent stamp to pay postage. This special introductory advertising offer good only twenty days. Write immediately.

Gates Card Club, 49 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

The Queen's Signet.

(Continued from page eleven.)

Harle. "We shan't be bothered by the rabble any more this night."

Buckingham was pacing the floor of his private chambers when he was suddenly confronted by his minion.

"You've lodged him back in the keep?" he cried.

"Alas, my lord, we were beaten off!"

Buckingham's swarthy face went white.

"Who beat you off?" he exclaimed, and his hand sought the jeweled hilt of his sword.

"There were three of them—Master Neville, Captain Brass, and one other whom I did not know."

"Methinks I can guess the identity of the third varlet," hissed Lady Castlemain's ally. "Captain Brass is hand-in-glove with Harle the Hawk."

There was no reply.

"Get ye out of my presence!" roared the infuriated nobleman, as he flung a purse at Quince. "Take that and pay your hounds."

Captain Quince was glad to get from the chamber, and stood not upon the order of his going.

"The lion's meat," he said, upon reaching a group of men who waited for him not far away. "We can drink to our success in the Ship and Anchor," and with a shout at sight of the purse, all trooped away at Quince's heels.

As for Buckingham, he growled out his displeasure in his apartments, and suddenly ceasing, bolted from the place and almost ran through the streets toward Whitehall.

When he entered Lady Castlemain's chambers, she read disaster on his face. He blurted out his story, and she knocked a costly vase from the table in her rage.

"The last card is not yet played!" she exclaimed. "I hold it still," but Buckingham's look told that he was not so confident.

CHAPTER XIX.

GALL OF BITTERNESS.

If Noel and Rosamond, to say nothing of Foy, thought they had escaped the machinations of the conspirators against the Queen they were doomed to disappointment.

Lady Castlemain, standing now on slippery ice, saw that she would be engulfed unless she played a bold hand and put beyond the King's reach those who evidently knew her secret. She could depend on Buckingham and his men, but against her forces were pitted Captain Brass, and as she believed, Harle the Hawk. She sought not to recover the pearl necklace of which the handsome knight of the road had deprived her. If she could retain the King's favor another just as costly would encircle her neck, and she would remain in the palace to plot against Queen Catherine and perhaps drive her from the kingdom.

Charles sent out his men to find Noel and Foy, and his intentions were not long coming to the ears of the Red Duchess.

When Lady Castlemain learned of Noel's escape from King Edward's prison she set resolutely to work. She caused Charles' spies to be dogged, she had them tracked in all the devious ways of their search, and when she discovered that Noel had been seen at Audrey Chase she shot her bolt.

It was night, the second one after Neville's liberation, that her minions, entering the house by the rear entrance, fell upon Noel before he could resist, and he was in her power.

This time he did not have Harle and Captain Brass to aid him, and taken forcibly away, he was hurried through the dark streets of London and lodged in a house which the King had presented to his favorite.

"Now for the Mistress of Temple House!" cried the Red Duchess.

Rosamond was suddenly roused from slumber by the cries of her maids and as she appeared in white at the top of the stair she beheld men rushing toward her.

Swift and sure was the vengeance of Lady Arbella. Her net had caught its victims. Charles knew nothing of the swoop, and was making merry at the palace of Lord Descartes. Brilliant at the fete was the Red Duchess, secretly rejoicing over her victory.

All were safely housed now but the elusive Foy, but her henchmen were hot on the girl's trail, according to Buckingham, and she would soon hear of her apprehension.

In the rear of the palace was one of the handsomest gardens in London. It was famed for its walks and bowers, its fountains and cozy nooks, and the maskers were roaming through the grounds under the countless lights, while they filled the air with their merriment.

Lady Castlemain slipped from the gay crowd to hold a secret conversation with Buckingham, and entered one of the rose-covered arbors to await his coming. Leaning listlessly back in a rustic chair draped with velvet, she put herself at her ease listening to the ravishing music which fell upon her ears. All at once the entrance was darkened by a human form, and she sprang up with the name of the Duke upon her lips.

The newcomer, who possessed a slender and graceful figure, paused at the door and looked through the openings of his mask at the King's favorite.

"What news, my lord?" exclaimed Lady Castlemain.

The man laughed. The next moment he was inside, and his hand seized the woman's wrists.

"One makes mistakes in the dark," said a voice. "Call me not by a title I shall never wear, my lady."

Arabella felt a shiver leap through her frame.

"You have been looking for the gentleman who appropriated your pearls. Behold him!"

There was a sudden start by the woman and she would have uttered a cry of alarm if the grip on her wrist had not tightened.

"You?" she gasped.

"Harle the Hawk at your service!" was the retort.

The reply she tried to frame died on her tongue.

"Then, my bold sir, you have come to return the necklace?" she managed to say at last.

"Think you I would rob my Rosalind of her bridal present to return it to you?" He laughed. "Come, my lady. You have another necklace, not so fair, perhaps, as the one you lost to me, but Rosalind needs it."

Arabella went quite white.

"More than this," continued Harle, with the cleverness of a rogue's coolness. "I have dispatched to his majesty a letter in which is told the whole story of the finding of the Queen's signet in Hyde Park by Harle the Hawk, and just now I can lay my hand on the damsel who carried it thither by your command."

"Foy?"

"Aye, by Foy La Fonde. It was a pretty play against the Queen. You are a past mistress in secret games, my lady. Let me have the necklace ere I forget my errand."

Arabella drew back, but the man came on.

"Come!" he cried, heartlessly "'All's fair in love and war' as the old saw hath it. Will not?"

He bore Lady Castlemain into the depths of the chair and began to unloosen her necklace.

"You're a common robber!" she cried.

"Which is quite a compliment," he laughed.

He unsnapped the strand of jewels and transferred them to his capacious pocket.

"You shall dance on Tyburn Hill for this indignity!" she exclaimed.

"Not by his majesty's command," returned Harle. "If you will permit me to escort you into the royal presence I will tell Charles where Foy nests, and he can send for her and hear her story about Queen Catherine's ring."

"Never!"

"Then he shall hear of it without your approval."

Harle released Lady Castlemain so suddenly that she almost toppled from the rustic chair.

Was there no way of compromising with this cool rascal? She sprang up and followed him.

"Wait!" she cried. "You shall find in me a good paymaster if you will but listen to me."

Harle stopped with a smile on his lips seen beneath his silken mask.

"I serve the fair," he said, banteringly. "I bow at the feet of beauty, and indeed, my lady, I have written sonnets to bright eyes and pretty lips."

"You have my necklace, but I can give you more than these," she went on. "I can enrich you, Harle. I can make you knight. I can even get for you a title signed by his majesty."

"What shall it be? Count Hounslow or Duke of Buttermilk Lane."

She did not notice the cutting sarcasm of his tones.

"I am soon to go to my bridal," continued Harle. "I long to leave the road, for one picks up but little there any more—only now and then a gold snuffbox or a pearl necklace."

"I can secure for you the King's pardon."

"Really, my lady, you make me your debtor," laughed Harle. "You could not find for the future Countess of Hounslow a castle of becoming loftiness?"

"I can house you in a palace that would be a dream."

"Nay," said Harle, suddenly changing his tones. "I shall ennoble the fair Rosalind without your help."

Lady Castlemain's heart took a flutter of disappointment.

"When I have presented Foy to the King——"

"You will not do that?"

"Aye, and I shall recommend my old friend Jovis Brass for the King's favor."

The ground seemed to be giving way beneath her feet. Lady Arabella saw that the man was but toying with her. He had led her through the garden of hope to throw her into the depths of despair.

"Good night, my lady," he went on, doffing his plumed hat. "No doubt the King's smile awaits you. I hear the harpers, and 'tis said you are fond of their Italian airs."

He stepped back as a cry welled from the woman's throat.

"One moment!" she exclaimed, throwing out her hands. "One moment, Harle!"

"Nay. Rosalind will be jealous."

He ended his answer with a laugh that was ice in the heart of the royal favorite. His figure receded. The lights caught the sheen of his plume and danced about the hilt of his slender sword. Lady Castlemain staggered forward.

"For the love of Heaven——"

"To which fair country you will never go!" was the interruption. "Foy La Fonde shall have speech with the King, despite your wiles and Buckingham's."

She felt her limbs give way. Her hand caught the back of the chair and gripped it with all her power. The last thing she saw was the wind-kissed feather of

STRAIGHT Order **FULTON** by Mail UNEQUALED

Kentucky's Great Whiskey

Express Prepaid from Distiller to You

2 Gallons for $5. 3 for $7.50 or 1 for $3, choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn Fulton Straight whiskey highest medicinal thoroughly matured, in Myers patent 1 gallon demijohns. To prove Fulton is best you need

send no money

We ship on 30 days' credit, if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C. O. D. **Full Quart Bottles** of Rye, Bourbon or Corn are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $3, 8 for $6, or 12 for $9.

FREE—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with every 2 gallon order, 6 with 3 gallon orders, accompanied by cash. If not satisfied with whiskey return; and, if paid for, all your money will be refunded by return mail.

ADDRESS **MYERS & COMPANY,** Warehouse No. 172 COVINGTON, KY.

Sole Owners U. S. Reg. Dist'y No. 22, 6th Dist., Ky. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof, must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $16 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

Write for our book, "A Fair Customer," and price list—sealed

A Lincoln Sentiment.

Lincoln was no stickler for formalities, either in dress or in manners. But he knew the etiquette of correspondence and knew how to teach it to others.

At a lodge in Philadelphia a group of very old men, some with empty sleeves and some with empty trouser legs, were telling stories about Lincoln.

"My wife collected autographs," said one. "She once wrote to Lincoln for a sentiment and his autograph, and she got in reply a note that ran:

"'Dear Madam—When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always enclose a stamp. There's your sentiment, and here's your autograph.—A. Lincoln.'"

WE WILL GIVE

This **GOLD PLATED LOCKET,** opens to hold two pictures, set with a sparkling similitude **DIAMOND,** and a beautiful 22-inch **NECK CHAIN** and these 4 **GOLD PLATED RINGS** to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each and send us the $1.20. We trust you, and take back all not sold. Address **F. O. DALE MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

Try This Home-Made Cough Remedy

Costs Little, But Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually ends a deep seated cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, croup, chest pains, bronchitis and other throat troubles. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This recipe make more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for $2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasantly.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and all the natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and sugar syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada that it is often imitated. But the old, successful formula has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 206 Main st., Fort Wayne, Ind.

ALL FOUR RINGS given to anyone who sells 12 pieces of jewelry at 10c each and when sold sends us the money $1.20. Send back any not sold. We trust you.
THE CARTER CO., WARREN, R. I.

X RAY Apparently look right through your friends with this little instrument. See the bones of the body. Its great. Satisfaction guar. Sent neatly packed, 10c Send now. X-RAY MFG. CO., Dept. A 34 Chicago

SAMPLE COPIES of 100 different magazines and lots of other mail and samples postpaid 10c. M. A. [illegible], 1027-8 Walnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD. Love, Marriage, Business, Astonishing revelations. Dime; birthdate gets reading. G. A. Whitzel, Dept. 9, Mt. Union, Pa.

Catalog for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, 4-B, 60 Wabash, Chicago

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

SILK REMNANTS—Large sample package of beautiful assorted silk pieces for sofa cushions, crazy quilts, etc. Golden Hours, 26 Vandewater St., N.Y. 12c

FUTURE, past, present revealed. Silver dime; birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second St., Kewanee, Ill.

FREE LIFE reading by planets. Send birthdate, 4c. stamps. L. S. Zanat, Box 865, Portland, Maine

MONEY $ $ for shrewd men. Particulars for stamp. S.A. MacDonald, Peru, Ind.

this cool "knight of the starlight." She tried to call him back, but her words were stifled in her throat, and when Buckingham came he looked down upon a heap of silk and velvet at the foot of the chair.

CHAPTER XX.
JUSTICE AND LOVE.

King Charles, at Hampton Court, for which he had exchanged Whitehall for a purpose, was suddenly surprised to see the door of his chambers open and a beautiful young girl enter. Her cheeks were aglow with crimson, and as she made her obeisance on bended knee the flush deepened. The Merry Monarch looked at her at first with a glance of resentment at the intrusion, but his brow almost instantly cleared. It was Foy

"Come hither, maid," said the King "What petition would you present to your ruler?"

Foy rose and advanced casting her eyes to the floor

"I have come to crave your majesty's pardon," she said in a low, sweet voice. "I am Foy La Fonde, late maid-in-waiting to her grace the Duchess of Cleveland"

The royal brow clouded again.

"Say on," said Charles. "You have come to tell me something about her majesty's signet, have you not?"

"It is for that I have come I am the person who carried it to Hyde Park for Lady Castlemain."

"And why, damsel?"

"That it might be found by some one who would spread evil reports concerning Queen Catherine."

Charles took several thoughtful strides across the room

"Tell me all," he suddenly exclaimed, taking Foy's hands. "Keep nothing back from your King. You have the royal pardon."

For five minutes Foy talked rapidly, listened to by the King with ill-suppressed interest

"There, Foy, that will do," said he at length, releasing her hands. "You can go," but the girl lingered.

"I fear that the ill will of Lady Castlemain hath followed Noel Neville and Mistress Rosamond," said she.

"How followed them?" cried Charles

"They have disappeared.'

"By violence?"

"I fear so, your majesty "

"Ah, these plotting creatures'" exclaimed the King as his face reddened. "When shall I ever escape their jealousies?"

Foy did not speak. She almost ran from the royal presence. Charles touched a suspended cord and a servitor entered

"My Lord Buckingham!" he said, in stern tones

Half an hour later the famous Duke entered the room and confronted Charles

"What means this arrest, for I take it to be such, of Neville of Audrey Chase and Mistress Temple of Temple House?'

Buckingham, seeing the flash of anger which lit up the King's eyes, hesitated

"I demand the truth," continued Charles. "This infamous cabal against the Queen hath gone far enough. The truth, sirrah!"

In all their friendship he had never spoken thus to his favorite.

"I thought I was serving your majesty through Lady Castlemain" stammered Buckingham

"No man longer serves me through that mischief-maker" almost thundered Charles. "You have arrested Neville and Mistress Rosamond?"

"I have," confessed the white-faced Duke.

"Release them at once. You can retire to your palace. Nay, there is no need of apology."

Heated by anger, Buckingham sullenly withdrew, and Charles soon afterward entered Whitehall. He stamped with the mien of a lion into Lady Castlemain's apartments without being announced. The smile which gathered on the woman's face vanished the moment she looked into the King's eyes.

"Madame," cried the King, "you will at once retire from Whitehall.'

All color was swept from her face by the monarch's words

"But, your majesty "

"Words are idle things now!" interrupted Charles. "You will betake your presence from the court'

The haughty and white-faced lady stepped across the room and opened a gilded chest. The gaze of the monarch followed her. When she turned, her delicate hands held a package tied with gold ribbon. The eyes of the King fell instantly upon it

"Madame, you can now carry out your oft-repeated threat," he smiled. "You can give the royal letters to the world You are dismissed, madame."

Lady Castlemain flung the package upon the table and straightened disdainfully

"I know all," said Charles. "I have just had audience with your late maid of honor, Foy La Fonde, and Buckingham, your ally, has confessed. The infamous plot against Queen Catherine has failed!"

Charles turned on his heel, and as Lady Castlemain's Pomeranian sprang forward for a royal caress, he was spurned by the King's boot and sent whimpering across the floor

The woman's eyes glittered like a viper's. She heard the door bang behind the King, and threw herself upon a silken couch, where she groaned out her disgrace.

Yet that day Noel and Rosamond came forth from their prisons and the sunlight of freedom once more kissed their faces. The rear portals of Whitehall opened, and a woman stepped into a calash and flung herself upon the scarlet cushions. The vehicle rattled away under guard, and vanished somewhere on the hither side of London.

Captain Pawn rapped heavily at the door of Buckingham's palace, and the Duke was surrounded by soldiers The portal of Bloody Tower opened to receive him, and for the first time he found himself a royal captive. Within the shadows of the Tower he could bite his lips in secret and reflect upon his treachery

Charles at last had turned to the woman whom he had made Queen of England, and she smiled when she knew that never again would the feet of her rival press the palace floor

Harle the Hawk came into the King's presence and laid his sword at Charles' feet. He vowed that he had abandoned the road forever, and that he would retire with Rosalind to pastures of happiness. He offered to return Lady Castlemain's pearls, but the King said merrily

"Nay, Harle, keep them for your bride and may the blessings of Charles Stuart follow you through life."

Captain Brass became an officer in the royal guard, and though he remained the swashbuckler of old, he served his King well, and at last retired with honors.

To Noel and the fair Rosamond there came at last the happiness of true love. He was knighted by Queen Catherine, and a portion of the estates of Buckingham were transferred to him

As for Foy, she did not meet with the sudden death which Mother Moll, the fortune teller, professed to see in her palm, but became one of the most beautiful dames of England, having married a courtier, and Rosamond dowered her in a manner which became the talk of all London

Cleared of all aspersions, Queen Catherine found herself fully restored to her husband's favor, and years afterward, far from the scenes of her crime, Lady Castlemaine met the grim destroyer of life, unwept, unmourned, and forgotten.

It was a fate which she richly deserved, and after her dismissal from court Charles was never heard to speak her unhallowed name

The end.

* * *

The Blood-Stained Glove

(Continued from page six.)

to be beholden to any one, and who never complained of their lot

"I came to talk business," said she "Then I will go to bed, for I am very tired, though thankful to be in your rooms. Mrs. White, I want to pay my week's rent in advance. Here it is." She laid the money on the work-table, adding enough for the mother's installment on the furniture. "And, I wish you to show me where I can wash up my tea things."

"You won't wash up any tea things" said Mary White, firmly. "That is my part. Do your own little bit of cooking, if you like, for I mayn't be able to suit you; but leave the washing up to me."

Kate went to bed early, and after a time slept. She wondered what was happening in the mansion she had left so suddenly. She thought sadly and regretfully of the man she had been forced to marry, pitying the life cut short in its full tide, and forgetting much of his harshness and treachery toward herself. She thought also of Frank Dalrymple, wondering deeply where he was and whether he would attempt to communicate with her.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today

* * *

Punishment.

A popular revivalist had been holding services at a town in Mississippi when a heavy rain came on, and he accepted an invitation to pass the night at the house of one of the townsmen. Observing the preacher's drenched clothing, the host brought out a suit of his own and sent his guest upstairs to don it

The good man had made the change and was on his way back to the sitting room, when the woman of the house came out of another room, holding in her hands the big family Bible, out of which the minister was to be invited to read a chapter before the family went to bed

She was not, however, in a very amiable frame of mind, for careful housewives are likely to be put out of sorts by the advent of unexpected company Seeing the revivalist in his borrowed garments, she mistook him for her husband, and as he passed in front of her she lifted the book and brought it down sharply on his head

"There!" she exclaimed. "Take that for asking him to stay all night!"

Take This Go Cart For 50c

Just 50 cents—that is all—and we will ship you this handsome go cart. Only 50c down—and then 75c per month—$9.45 in all. This is only *one* of our very special bargains.

Credit to All

We don't care who you are or where you live—we offer you credit. We invite you to open an account with us. It will be a pleasure for us to assist you.

Easy Payments Remember—all we ask is a very small payment down and the rest on easy terms. Soon you have furnished your home handsomely with the best quality of furniture—and you have never noticed the payments. The same ultra-liberal terms and bargains on ladies' and men's clothing.

This collapsible go cart, full size, Chase leather hood and body in maroon, green or tan, with half-inch rubber tires—practically indestructible. The storm shield can be rolled up and fastened to top of hood. Truly—this is a go cart that you could not secure from a regular retail dealer for any less than $16.00. Our price is 50 cents down—and then 75 cents per month—$9.45 in all. No. A58/4.

You Send Us Only 50c And We Ship You This Superb Rocker A magnificent piece of furniture in American quarter-sawed oak finish, profusely carved; upholstered in best grade Boston leather. Diamond tufted. Only 50c down and then 50c a month. Price $3.95. **No. A1264.**

27 YEARS OF PROGRESS
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING CATALOG
STRAUS & SCHRAM CHICAGO

Send the Free Coupon Today and Get Our Big Catalog Free

This is positively the biggest and best opportunity for money-saving and square dealing. Our tremendous buying and manufacturing facilities enable us to make prices which positively can not be duplicated anywhere else. Get our big catalog of 8,862 bargains—also our limited special monthly bargain list. Now don't delay a minute but write now. This is the greatest opportunity that you ever had to save money on household goods and clothing. Write today. Just your name and address on a postal or letter—or send the coupon.

Straus and Schram (Inc.)
DEPT.5021, 35th ST., CHICAGO

FREE COUPON
Straus and Schram (Inc.)
Dept.5021 35th St., Chicago

Gentlemen—Please send me *free* and prepaid, your big bargain list, also the catalogs which I have marked with an X There are no obligations on me whatever

☐ Men's Clothing
☐ Ladies' Clothing
☐ Stoves and Ranges
☐ General House Furnishings

My name is ....
My address is ....
Should you want either of the articles above order by number and send first payment

TRY THIS WHISKEY AT OUR RISK

AND GET THIS DECANTER FILLED WITH WINES AND CORDIALS FREE

Gold-tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Cork-screw Free with each order.

PURITY GUARANTEED

AGED IN BOND Trade Mark Mellow Springs Whiskey Private Stock Maycliffe Distributing Co St Louis, Mo.

This is the famous old MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY—private stock—the brand that once you try you'll always call for. We want you to try it and we'll take all the chances. Send us your order—any order in the list below—and use a full quart bottle; try it yourself; let your friends sample it; test it in every way; you're the judge; and if you're not more than satisfied that it's the biggest whiskey bargain you ever struck, just return the unused portion and we'll refund your money on the lot. Just look at these prices:

4	Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY	$2.25
8	Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY	4.25
12	Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY	6.25
24	Full Quart Bottles MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY	12.25

FREE: With every four quarts of MELLOW SPRINGS WHISKEY you order we will send you **absolutely Free** a handsome scroll crystal glass decanter, with scroll glass stopper to match, filled to the brim with your choice of delicious Sherry, Port or Angelica Wine or Manhattan Cocktail. This decanter is full size, free from advertising matter, and is a useful ornament to any sideboard. In ordering be sure and state contents desired

Remember that this offer is for the genuine old Mellow Springs, the same straight, pure, aged-in-bond whiskey that physicians have always recommended for medicinal and home use. There's not a better whiskey to be had at any cost. Time was when you couldn't buy it for less than $1.25 the quart; but by selling direct to you and cutting out all intermediate profits and salesmen's expenses we have squeezed the final price down to the last minimum. NOTE—These are FULL QUART bottles. Address orders to

MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO., WAREHOUSE 42, ST. LOUIS, MO.

240 Popular Songs Many With MUSIC FREE

Arrah Wanna
San Antonio
Oh You Kid
Honey Boy
Baby Doll
Cheyenne
To-Night
Red Wing
Dreaming
Rainbow
School Days
Winter
Rain-in-the-Face
When I Marry You
Always in the Way
Good-Bye Susanna
Are You Sincere
Clover Blossoms
Would You Care
Just Some One
Same Old Moon
Holding Hands
Naughty Eyes
My Pony Boy
Waltz Me Around Again Willie
O'Brien Has No Place to Go
If I Only Had a Sweetheart
Roses Bring Dreams of You
Take Me Back to Dreamland
My Dream of the U. S. A.
Shine On Harvest Moon
I Wish I Had a Girl
Waiting at the Church
Why Don't You Try
Be Sweet to Me Kid
Some of These Days
I'd Like to Feather a Nest For You
Peek-a-boo, Mister Moon, Peek-a-boo
I'm Trying So Hard to Forget You
I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark
Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon
You Have Stolen My Heart Away
I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid
Will You Always Be My Honey
Take Me Out to the Ball Game
Will You Forgive If I Forget
Love Me and the World Is Mine
Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland

ALL THESE BIG HITS and almost 200 others—about 240 in all, many with music—the whole unequaled collection sent absolutely free, postage prepaid, to all who send only 10 cents to pay for a 3-months trial subscription to our big fancy work, home and short story magazine, "The Household." This offer good for 20 days only. Send today. Address,

HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, Dept. 240-F, TOPEKA, KANSAS

BOYS and GIRLS
Earn Elegant Watch, Ring & Chain in One Day's Work

Send No Money—Simply send your name and address and we send you, charges paid by us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 20 inches long, no 2 alike, (stores usually charge $1 00 each). **With Them** we send 12 boxes of our famous **White Cloverine Salve** (very handsome boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts, Burns, Dandruff, Ulcers, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, Etc.

MEN and WOMEN
EARN $3.00 DAILY
We offer you steady work

You sell the White Cloverine at 25c per box and give 1 picture free. When sold return $3 and we send beautiful **Watch, Ring & Chain**, or you can keep **Cash Commission**. Be first in your town. Everyone buys 2 to 3 boxes after you show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine. Millions use it Agents earn $3 00 a day sure. Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures at once. Address
WILSON CHEMICAL CO. Dept. 72, Tyrone, Pa.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

Hunting a Firebug; Or, CHASING A LOST WILL

By J. M. MERRILL

[illegible] 1·12 by W. D. Boyce Co.] [illegible] Jan. 13. Subscriptions [illegible] begin with that issue, or back [illegible] can be obtained from news [illegible] our agents, or by mail from [illegible]ication.

CHAPTER XI.
[illegible] THE CITY.

NO, GENTLE reader, Till Trodden did not lie at the [illegible] Hawke's Inn. That which Abraham Flight had laid a hand upon, thinking it the hair of a dead boy, was [illegible] ro escaped death after his fall into the [illegible] his down-shoot. The debris which fol[illegible] seek a way out of his prison. [illegible]

Of a sudden, while feeling about the damp inclosure, a portion of the wal[illegible] way, and the boy was precipitated [illegible] side of the earth. He fell flat. Struggling to his feet, he found to his [illegible] the section of wall had closed behind him and that he was utterly unable to open it. [illegible] what virtue there is in hunting an end [illegible] found himself was of sufficient height to [illegible] was very anxious to get once more into [illegible]

[illegible]e moved cautiously along the narrow canal till he bumped up against a wall. It required some time for him to feel out the fastening to a heavy plank door. Even after finding this he was troubled [illegible] time the door was made to move, [illegible]aking on rusty hinges.

[illegible]ill made his way into a considerable [illegible]om which he had reason to [illegible] a basement beneath the [illegible]vern. He examined ev[illegible] without discovering means of escape. [illegible] he thought, "somebody will soon come down from above and let me out." He found no stairs, however—a fact that puzzled him. A further examination of the cellar convinced him that it had been long abandoned, doubtless having been used in an early day; of [illegible] of no further avail.

A faint gleam of lamplight through a cobwebby window assured him that here [illegible] a way to the outer world. It re[illegible]d considerable in[illegible]nuity for him to [illegible] a way to reach this aperture. He [illegible]aged at length to extract a loosened [illegible] from the side of the wall. In the [illegible] left after removing this stone the [illegible] foothold, lifting himself up to the long unused window. With a [illegible]one he battered out the rotting frame[illegible]ork and crawled through into the open air.

He found himself under the floor of the veranda. The sound of footsteps and voices attracted his attention. He soon heard enough to convince him that the [illegible]dlord and others believed he had [illegible]ed in the well.

[illegible] crawled out into the n[illegible]ht and [illegible]pped into the shadows, running presently upon fat Billy Gabbs, who [illegible] in a fence corner weeping loudly.

"[illegible]t's the trouble Billy?" asked Till.

[illegible]e fat boy uttered a yell and sprang [illegible] throwing both arms about his good [illegible] laying his face against the breast [illegible], laughing and crying by turns. After a time he grew calm, and heard his friend's story of his fall into the well and of his miraculous escape.

"[illegible] you are dead at the bottom of the well," said Billy. "Flight said he saw you drop in the well, though he went down and [illegible]ne back to say he couldn't find you. I went down, too, and didn't find anything. I felt good for a time, but later when I [illegible]d Flight mutter that you were stone [illegible]d under the planks in the bottom of that hole, it gave me a pain, so I went out here and sat down to weep over my dead chum. You nigh scared me out of a [illegible], pard."

[illegible] rambling talk interested Till.

"They've planned to fill up the well in [illegible]

"Does Jim Hawke think I am down there?" asked Till.

"No, 'cause Flight said you wasn't. He says the well is too dangerous to be left longer, and so the well is to be filled [illegible]"

[illegible] friend.

"Billy," he ejaculated, in sudden inspiration, "that man thinks me dead in the old well; let him think so."

"That's all right, of course."

"Let 'em fill up the well. I'll disappear from this time on, be dead to the world till I choose to come back. It'll be a delightful mystery, Billy, and won't hurt anybody. I don't just like this man Flight——"

"Neither do I, pard," quickly coincided the fat boy. "I've heard him muttering things that make me think he isn't a good man. The mystery of those papers too——"

"Sure, Billy. I'm dead from now on."

"The folks at home'll feel bad. Better let them know," suggested the fat boy.

"Not a word. They ain't my parents, anyhow. Neither of them will care. I'm going to play at being a detective, and I may want your help right along, Billy."

"You shall have it, Till."

"I knew you'd stand pat. Now, I'm going to disappear. You can find your way home alone, can't you?"

"Sure; only I hate to give up finding this thieving firebug, Moses Bunker."

"[illegible] hunt if you like, Billy," assented Till. "I am going back to town. I believe I can ferret out some things that have mystified me for a long time. I'll see you again. Keep still about me; let them think I have run away, or anything they choose. I got a flogging from dad just before I left, and don't care much if he does suffer a little."

This settled it, and Till Trodden went on his way, leaving behind him the impression that he was no longer among the living. The well was filled up the next morning and Abraham Flight departed for his home. This he found in ashes, with no trace of his daughter.

"It is that crazy firebug that has done all this iniquity," muttered the settler. "If he has harmed my child, he shall forfeit his life."

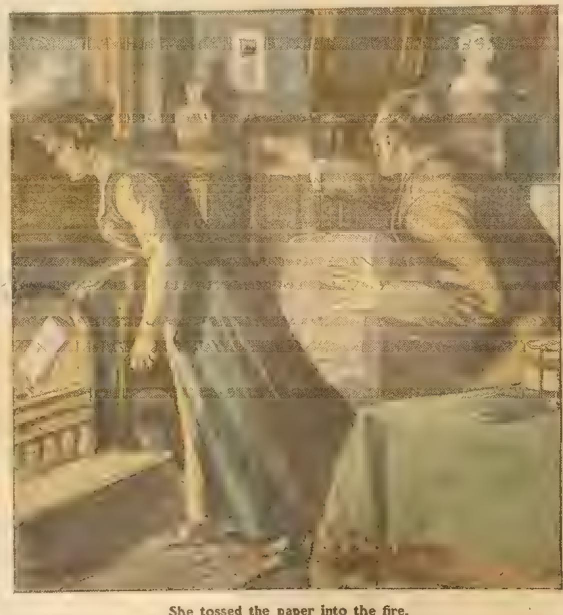
Three days later Flight was in the city [illegible] Trodden. The reader has learned part of what passed between the settler and the rich man's wife. From this it will be gleaned that Abraham Flight was not a very good man. Be that as it may, the man felt that anything he could mulct from the woman would harm no one and do himself a vast amount of good.

By merest accident, Till Trodden, who had been for some days in hiding in the city, overheard the confab passing between Flight and his foster-mother. There was much in that conversation that interested and surprised him. It gave him an insight into the real character of the woman that he had never possessed before. She had expressed satisfaction at his supposed death, a fact which steeled the boy more than ever against his foster mother.

He was glad enough now that he had not returned home. He inwardly resolved he would never darken the doors of the rich man's house again. He was young and strong; he could make his own way in the world. Now, too, there was an incentive to hunt out the secret of his foster-mother's life, and bring to light some of the dark things hinted at in her conversation with this man Flight.

Till quitted the [illegible] and made his way back to a humble part of the city where he was at present stopping. He saw the necessity of disguising himself in order to escape detection in the role he had resolved upon.

He had learned from an old Indian the secrets of certain roots and berries. From some of these he concocted a stain that made his face look like that of a



She tossed the paper into the fire.

$5 TO $10 A DAY

One Good Hustling Agent Wanted in every community to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. You make big profits—$2.00 to $7.00 on every suit. Write us before we get an agent in your territory and you will receive an astonishing offer. No money, no experience necessary.

WE START YOU FREE

We furnish you with everything and place you in a business of your own that will mean from $1,500 to $3,000 a year to you. Easiest and most profitable business in the world. Every man in your vicinity a possible customer. Our low prices and able assistance get the trade for you.

PANTS $2.50 UP
SUITS $9.00 UP
We Prepay Express

Every garment cut and made to measure in latest city style, perfect fit guaranteed. Money refunded if goods are not satisfactory. Beautiful Sample Outfit, order blanks, tape line, FREE. With our complete instructions you can take measurements as accurately as any tailor. Write for your territory and outfit today.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO., 125 Harrison Street, Chicago

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquist Double Throat

Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents.

Double Throat Co., Dept. D Frenchtown, N. J.

HOW YOU CAN GET
AN AUTOMOBILE FREE!

[illegible] teach others, and then [illegible] get one Free. Address

C. A. COEY'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING,
1424-26 Michigan Ave.,
Dept. 17, Chicago, Ill.

Join a Brass Band

EVERYBODY INVITED

HERE is a great opportunity for everybody who wishes to get ahead—who wants to [illegible] and make good money in a pleasant way. Write today—let us tell you how to be a member of a band. Just your name and address and we will send postpaid, free, the greatest band catalog in the world and tell how you can get a Humanatone free for a little information. Write today.

Lyon & Healy 84-85 Adams Street Chicago, Ill.

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE

IT'S EASY! POSITIONS WAITING

The OLD MASTER now supplanted by the MOLER GRADUATE who is as carefully prepared as a Doctor. Good wages after few weeks. Our manual for home study. Established in 1893. 33 branches all leading cities. For information regarding any one, write Dept. 17

Moler System of Colleges CHICAGO

Stem Wind & Set WATCH, RING AND CHAIN GIVEN

For selling thimbles and needles. We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 5-Year guarantee, Sparkling Set or Plain Ring, all for selling 20 Silver-Aluminum Thimbles at 10c each. Paper of Gold-Eye Needles Free with each Thimble. Easy to sell. Write for them. When sold return the $2 and we [illegible] watch and ring.

HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. 225 Chicago, Ill.

CORNET FREE! We guarantee to teach you to play by mail and will give you a Beautiful Cornet or any Band Instrument absolutely FREE. You pay weekly as lessons are taken. Instrument is sent with first lesson. Write to-day for our booklet and wonderful tuition offer.

INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL
824 Music Hall, Boston, Mass.

BOYS VIOLIN FREE!

[illegible] white horse hair bow and box of resin given for selling only 20 pkges. Beautiful ART POST CARDS at 10c per package. Order cards to-day— When sold, send $2.00 and receive VIOLIN, etc., promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 402, CHICAGO

TOBACCO HABIT CURED

Mrs. J. Kay, Room 2, Haymarket Building, Chicago, Ill., will send absolutely free prescription for her inexpensive and harmless Tobacco Cure, which has cured thousands of the tobacco habit. Any druggist can put it up.

This Beautiful Ring 12c with any initial, any 2 or 3 initials, hand engraved, for 10c extra. Catalog free with every order. Also sample copies of two magazines. FAMILY STORY PAPER, 24 Vandewater St., New York

How to Entertain Book with 250 Jokes and Riddles, 73 Toasts, 67 Parlor Tricks, 8 Fortune-telling Secrets, 52 Money-Making Secrets, 22 Funny Readings. All 10c Postpaid. J. C. DORN, 709 South Dearborn Street, Dept. 25, CHICAGO, Ill.

handsome halfbreed boy. Then he went to a barber's, had his hair cut close, bought a wig, and getting himself into a suit of backwoods togs, became a veritable young Indian of the woods on a visit to the city. As many of these people spoke English like natives there was no need for him to disguise his phraseology.

After a time he met with Billy, who had returned from the woods, and discussed with him the situation. The fat boy was persuaded to give up further search for the merciless Moses, and remain at hand to give assistance to his chum in case of need.

"I'll tell ye something, Till," said Billy, one day, as the two walked along the street in company. "I was dead set on getting that bad Moses chap. The reward would have been a nice thing for me, but there may be something in this game you're playing, and it's a heap safer, don't you know?"

"If I make anything out of it, be sure you shall share with me, Billy," assured the elder boy, who liked the rather happy-go-lucky lad.

"That's all right," returned Billy. "Here's another thing, though. I can't help wondering what's come of that pretty Neva we saw in the woods. I'm afraid that blamed scamp of a Bunker's murdered her. We ought to do something about that, don't you think?"

"Yes, and we will do it, too," agreed Till. "Of course, if the tramp youth stole her or murdered her, her father will see that he is punished. I am sure he is very much attached to his daughter."

"And so be I," chuckled Billy, with his hand on his heart.

"She seemed a very nice girl," agreed the elder boy. "But you were about to tell me something——"

"Oh, yes. Look here," and the fat boy pulled a paper from his pocket. This he handed to his chum, pointing to a marked advertisement. Till read this with considerable interest—an advertisement for a boy wanted by the Troddens to act as chore-boy and factotum about the house.

Till crunched the paper in his hand.

"That's to take my place, Billy," he ejaculated. "Although a son of the house, I was nothing but a drudge, after all. You can fill the bill, chum, and it's a boss chance to find out things."

"You advise me to apply, pard?"

"Sure. Just the thing. You in the house, I outside! Couldn't be bettre."

"Good. I'm glad you think so, for I accepted the job this morning, and am to begin tomorrow," chuckled the enthusiastic Gabbs. "You can come and see me sometimes, and I'll tell you all the news. I'll introduce you as a friend named Hugshaw—Joe Hugshaw. Savvy, Pard?"

Till was more than pleased at the way events were shaping. He went back to his lodgings much elated at the prospect. When he went out again in the evening he came face to face with a young man on the walk, a youth whose face quite startled him.

"Moses Bunker!" exclaimed he, starting back.

CHAPTER XII.

A VISIT TO SNEAKUM.

The youth addressed halted and gazed curiously at Till.

"Did you address me, boy?" he asked.

Till's disguise stood him in good stead now, since the vicious firebug seemed not to recognize him as the boy he had encountered in the woods only a few days previously.

"Yes," admitted Till. "I thought you were Moses Bunker, the fellow who is very much wanted by the authorities of Gildwater."

"A gross mistake, kid," and the fellow laughed, walking on.

Till watched the fellow curiously. He was indeed bold to thus beard the lion in his den. While the disguised Trodden stood debating his next move, the tramp (now in good clothes) whirled and came down the walk at a rapid stride.

"So you thought you knew me at first glance, eh? Forget it, kid, and you'll sleep better at night. My name is Jug Waters. Good name, ain't it? And a mighty good man owns it."

The speaker showed a set of even white teeth in a laugh. Till was not quite sure of the fellow's identity, after all. He seemed like the fireburner of the pine woods, and yet he was not exactly the same.

"Aren't you the missing Moses——"

"Not for a minute, kid," broke in the other. "That fellow is a measly, low-down tramp, while I am a gentleman, I'd have you know. Can you point out a good lawyer's office to me?"

"I might if I chose."

"Do so then, mighty quick. Here's a quarter for your pains."

The speaker tossed a bright silver piece at the feet of Till. The boy spurned this with his foot and looked Jug squarely in the eye.

"I'm nobody's servant," sneered Till.

"Oh, ain't you?" with a jeer. "I thought you belonged to one of the big-bugs of the town—sort of slavey, you know. Tell me where the best lawyer is, and I'll call you a gentleman hereafter."

"There are quite a number of first-class lawyers in Gildwater."

"One will do me—the smartest in the heap."

"Clint Matthews has a prime reputation in some directions, but he's honorable to the core. Then there's Graft Sneakum; he's considered the best in wills and mortgages——"

"He's my man. Point out his place of business, and I'll some day make it an object to you, boy——"

"Joe Hugshaw is my name," informed Till.

"All right. Proper nice name for a halfbreed."

"Come along, and I'll point out Sneakum's office, sir."

The two walked forward in company. After going a few blocks they came upon one of the business streets.

"Thank you, Joe. I'll see you again," said the stranger at the door of the lawyer's office.

Joe Hugshaw, as he must for the present be known to the reader, walked on, thinking deeply on the course of events. Now what could this boy tramp be after in seeking a lawyer's office? If the fellow was really the firebug, he was a dangerous man, and the officers of the law ought to be put upon his track.

"By thunder!" ejaculated Joe, "I'm going to do a little sneak work. There's a vacant storeroom next to the private office of Sneakum. Lucky I thought of it."

Joe whirled and began retracing his steps.

Meanwhile the stranger who had interviewed him on the street, entered the lawyer's office. The office boy informed the young chap that Mr. Sneakum would soon be at the office, so Bunker sat down to wait.

The man who put in appearance half an hour later was lean to attenuation, with a pair of weasel eyes, a retreating forhead, and the rotary movement of a water snake. This was Mr. Sneakum, attorney at law, and very much at the service of his prospective client. The two were soon seated in the lawyer's private office, ready for the discussion of business.

Sneakum bolted the door as a precaution against sudden intrusion, then turned to listen.

"Do you know the Troddens?" bluntly asked the youth, producing some cigarettes, offering one to the lawyer.

"I know them."

"Nice, honorable folks, eh?" laughing.

"They have that reputation."

"How about a certain boy named Moses Bunker?"

"Moses Bunker?"

"Yes; haven't you heard the Troddens speak of him?"

"Oh, as for that everybody knows of Moses Bunker, who has been missing from his usual haunts for some time. He's made himself famous, or infamous, perhaps, by setting forest fires and committing various sorts of depredations. I am inclined to think I may have him for a client some day."

Lawyer Sneakum half smiled out of his weasel eyes.

"You've got him for a client now, by George!"

The lawyer's caller rattled some coin in his pocket, grinned, and winked knowingly.

"By this I am to infer——

"That I am Moses Bunker."

"Well, are you?"

"Sure."

"That being the case, I shall have to detain you till my boy calls the police," and Mr. Sneakum sprang up and approached the door.

Here the lawyer halted and turned about to note a sarcastic grin on the face of his would-be client.

"Go ahead if you want to," jeered the boy visitor.

"Aren't you aware that a price is set upon your head, young man?" demanded rather than asked Mr. Sneakum.

"So they say," vouchsafed the visitor, lighting another cigarette.

His caller's coolness was a surprise to the lawyer. He still hesitated at the door, when the tramp spoke up sharply: "Call the cops, old boy; you'll be the loser if you do."

"It means a thousand dollars for me."

"And prison for me, eh?" chortled the lawyer's strange client. "Well, there's a mistake, of course. I'm not the guy wanted although I am the real and only simon-pure Moses Bunker on the docket. What is a thousand dollars to you, Graft Sneakum—bah! a mere bagatelle! Now, I've something a million times better than that up my sleeve. Take a peep at these, old man, and tell me what you think of 'em."

With a considerable flourish the visitor drew an envelope of ample proportions from his pocket and flourished it in the face of the lawyer.

"Them's the documents that'll fetch the plunks and open some folks' eyes, bet yer boots, old hoss."

The lawyer went to his chair again, taking the envelope held out by this queer-acting stranger. Opening the same his ferret eyes were soon poring over the pages of the documents inclosed. The caller sat and smoked, while the lawyer read on and on, page after page of very interesting matter.

At length Mr. Sneakum threw down the papers and turned to his client.

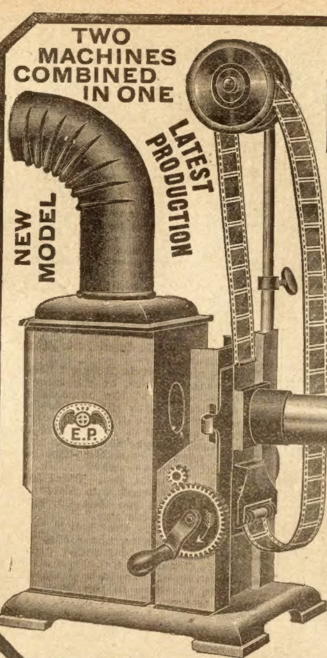
"Well?" he questioned, laconically.

"You bet it is well."

"For Moses Bunker, yes; but you are not he."

"Where'd I get them papers then, old man?"

"Stole them no doubt," dryly.



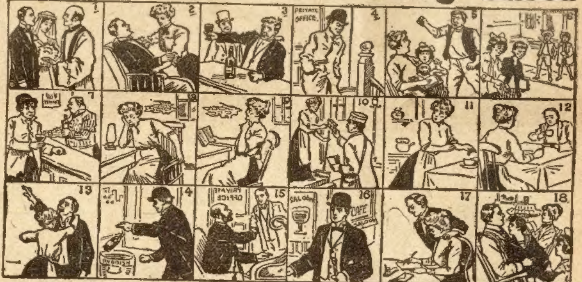
MOVING Picture MACHINE AND MAGIC LANTERN COMBINATION

Boys and Girls Get Busy and Start a Five Cent Show and Make Money Fast

This Newly Improved Moving Picture Machine and Magic Lantern combined is the latest guaranteed perfect working Machine for boys and girls to give five cent shows. Operates on the same principle as the more costly Machines. Made and warranted by E. Plank, which is a guarantee of perfection. The only low price practical machine that will give good satisfactory service. Is fitted with good magnifying telescopic lens, revolving reel for picture films, holder for glass slides, etc., and is ready for use soon as received. So simple any child can easily operate it. Every Machine warranted to work perfectly in every way. Boys and Girls, send us your full name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you postpaid on credit Twelve Boxes Thompson's Healing and Complexion Cream, (in handsome decorated boxes) to dispose of among friends at twenty-five cents a box. When sold, remit us the three dollars and we will forward you as a reward for your time and trouble this New Model Moving Picture Machine and Magic Lantern Combined, with three colored Moving Picture Machine Films and twelve glass Magic Lantern Slides containing forty-eight colored pictures, all complete for a five cent show. Extra films, etc. furnished at a low price. Circulars and full information goes with the Cream. Write us at once for the twelve boxes. We trust you. Address—

CHAS. B. THOMPSON, IMPORTER,
575 Thompson's Building,
BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

How Drunkards are Being Saved



These 18 Pictures tell their own Story. Even a Child can understand Them.

CONQUER DRINK HABIT IN 72 HOURS!

Any drinker may completely lose the craving for alcoholic drinks if he or she willingly takes my gentle, safe home Remedy for only three days. GUARANTEE GIVEN. It is perfectly harmless, overcomes the craving and wonderfully improves the health. By my A Method you can save yourself or another person. The craving begins to disappear in a few hours and the health improves every minute! An astonishing and lasting transformation! Also, I supply my B Method whereby the DRUNKARD MAY BE SAVED WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE safely and speedily. The person SOON BEGINS TO DETEST SMELL OR TASTE OF LIQUOR despises the stuff, and nothing can induce him to drink it. Any wife, mother or friend can give these preparations secretly in coffee, tea, milk, whisky, beer or other drink. They are tasteless and often truly *wonderful* in their action. Do not confuse them with numerous worthless things that are being advertised.

My Book *Confessions of an Alcohol Slave* tells how I was a heavy drinker for many years and was marvelously freed from the drink habit; it explains how the same joy can come to every other drinker. My Method is the most successful in the world. It is the lowest priced Treatment, with GUARANTEE. Often succeeds after all others fail. Legions of testimonials from persons willing to have their names and addresses published, so you can call on or write to them. I will send my book, in plain wrapper, postpaid, absolutely free. Write for it, no matter how long person has been a drinker or how much he drinks. Correspondence strictly confidential. I can answer as well by mail as if you call. Write today if you can; keep this adv. and show others in need of this joyful news.

FREE

EDWARD J. WOODS, 534 Sixth Ave., H 356 New York, N. Y.

NOTICE.—Woods' Method for conquering drink habit, is endorsed by physicians and experts of America and Europe as the quickest, best, perfectly safe remedy. Mr. Woods' Free Book often changes despair to joy!

WANTED 5,000 RUPTURE

Free!
STUART'S ADHESIF PLAS-TR-PADS FOR RUPTURE
TRIAL SAMPLE PLAPAO FOR RUPTURE

SUFFERERS to send for Free Trial Plapao and FREE 48-page book containing full information regarding the method which was awarded a Diploma with Gold Medal at Rome, and a Diploma with Grand Prix at Paris. Mr. Stuart's book on Rupture is a remarkable one, and explains what Rupture is and why trusses and similar mere mechanical supports cannot be relied upon. 5,000 genuine rupture sufferers will receive this valuable book, also

Free Treatment
NOTHING TO PAY

STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the painful truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to afford an arrangement to hold the parts securely in place as well as to prevent slipping and the resultant chafing, blistering and compressing against the pubic bone.

No Straps, Buckles or Springs.

The most obstinate cases CURED. Thousands have successfully treated themselves in the privacy of the home without hindrance from work. SOFT AS VELVET—EASY TO APPLY—INEXPENSIVE.

Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for trusses. Send AT ONCE—only 5,000 FREE books and treatments can be distributed NOW. Write TODAY. Address,

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 723, St. Louis, Mo.

MENS COMPLETE OUTFIT
FINE NAVY BLUE WOOL SERGE SUIT SWELL STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR $4.95

SAFETY RAZOR FREE
Until they are gone we will sell 15,000 year around weight navy BLUE WOOL SERGE MEN'S SUITS at $4.95, and as a premium and adv. we will give FREE with each suit at $4.95 a pair of fine fancy stripe worsted trousers, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special premium with the suit and extra trousers at $4.95 a highly nickeled, full size safety razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any $5.00 safety razor regardless of name or make.

THE SUIT is Daly's finest grade navy blue wool serge a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished; guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers' $8 to $10 suits or no sale. Sizes 32 to 42 in around breast.

THE FREE TROUSERS which we give with the suit at $4.95 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are very stylish finely tailored and perfect fitting. This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to equal it.

SEND $1.00 deposit, mention No. X41, give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of elegant fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, $3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at $10.00 to $12.00, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book (BE SURE and ASK FOR BOOK NO. 27) which contains 100 fine cloth samples of ready made suits at $4.85 up, trousers 98c up, overcoats $4.98 up, slip on raincoats $4.50, cravanettes $5.00, and complete stocks of cold weather clothing, such as fur coats, duck, corduroy and sheepskin clothing, sheep lined coats and all kinds of men's and youths' clothing. Order the outfit or write for the sample book No. 27 today. Do it now.

ANTISEPTIC
SPECIAL
SAFETY RAZOR
J.M.S CO.
JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY
SAFETY RAZOR

THE FREE SAFETY RAZOR We give with each suit and extra trouser outfit at $4.95 is full size, highly nickeled, complete with blade of finest razor steel perfectly ground, honed and stropped, guaranteed to shave as clean, cool and comfortable as any $5.00 safety razor or your money back immediately

If you need MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS send for OUR FREE CATALOG OF MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. Fleece lined underwear 39c, ribbed heavy underwear 39c, sweaters 98c, and wholesale price for hats, caps, gloves, shirts and every kind of apparel for men and boys.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 West Madison St., CHICAGO

300 LATEST SONGS & MUSIC 10c
"Listen to that Jungle Band," "Ogalalla," "Yum Yum Tree," "On a Monkey Honeymoon," "Blondy," "Any Little Girl that's a Nice Little Girl," "I've Got the Time, I've Got the Place," "On Mobile Bay," "Casey Jones," "Sadie Salome," "Funny Face," "Railroad Rag," "Moonlight Glide," "You're Just the Boy for Me," "Wop, Wop, Wop," "Cutey," "Silver Bell," "My Marucela," "I've Got Rings on My Fingers," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," "Baby Doll," "Poney Boy," "Honey Boy," "Red Wing," "Holy City," &c. BIG BOOK of over 300 Latest Song Hits; War, Coon, Comic, Love, Irish, &c. Best and Biggest Collection of SONGS AND MUSIC ever offered. Also Big Cat. & List, a $1 Due Bill and a Gold Prize Ticket. ALL sent Post Paid for only 10 cents or 3 lots 25c. DON'T MISS THIS GREAT OFFER. You'll be Delighted. Address:
IDEAL MUSIC CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS
$8,500 offered for one invention. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers, Journals.
Patent Obtained or Fee Returned
CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
Established 16 Years
923 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

I TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. SEND NO MONEY.
$2 Hair Switch Sent on Approval. Choice of Natural wavy or straight hair. Send a lock of your hair, and I will mail a 22 inch short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain remit $2 in ten days, or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Inclose 5c postage.
Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing--also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, puffs, etc. Women wanted to sell my hair goods. ANNA AYERS, Dept. A-343
22 Quincy Street, Chicago

PRICE $7.50 UP
Make $20 a Day
with our wonderful Champion Picture Machine. Takes, develops, finishes photo in half minute; 300 an hour. No dark room. *Experience unnecessary.* Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage! You coin money anywhere. Small investment; big profits. Be your own boss. Write for Free Book, Testimonials, etc.
AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.
Dept. 62 Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—MEN
Prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, Electric Motormen, Train Porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—$65 to $150 a month. No experience necessary. 500 More Wanted. Enclose stamp for Application Blank and Book. State position.
I. Railway C. I., No. A Indianapolis, Ind.

Ladies & Gents Watches FREE
We give all grades of Watches for selling our new MOTTO PICTURES at 10c each. Order 20 pictures today. When sold, send us the $2.00 and we will send you an elegant 5 YEAR GUARANTEED WATCH, also a FINE SIGNET RING and a CHAIN, postpaid, as per our premium list. It costs you nothing. Write us today.
Belmont Mfg. Co., Dept. 810, Chicago, Ill.

25 EXTRA FINE POST CARDS, VALENTINE, ST. PATRICK, EASTER, GREETINGS, ETC. CATALOGUE FREE. 10c
Munro Pub. House, 24 Vandewater Street, New York

SOMETHING NICE for GENTLEMEN, 10c
S. C. Sullivan Co., Battle Creek, Michigan

FORTUNE TOLD—Mysteries of life unveiled Three 2c stamps and birthdate brings wonderful reading. Prof. Millet, Box 725, St. John's, Newfoundland

The weasel eyes of the speaker narrowed to steel points. Sneakum was suspicious, very.

"However I got them does not alter facts does it, sir?"

"Perhaps not."

"What do you find in the documents?"

"The most important is the last will and testament of one Grantford Bunker, in which he devises the bulk of his property to his beloved grandchild, Moses, of similar name."

"And I am that grandchild."

"If you are, the bequeathal amounted to very little, judging from your personal appearance. You must have run through your patrimony in a short time. You certainly look to be on your uppers, my boy."

"Which goes to show that my granddad's will was never executed. I have been thrown out to live or die, as the case might be, while another enjoys my property."

"Who is that other?"

"Who is named beside myself as a legatee?"

The lawyer again turned his attention to the papers.

"To my niece, Olivia Horne, I bequeath one thousand dollars, at the same time she is to remain at the homestead and care for little Moses till he becomes of age, when the whole of my property, real and personal, shall be turned over to his hands," read Lawyer Sneakum.

"Very good," chuckled the other. "Isn't that plain enough?"

"In some respects, yes. What is your wish—for me to break this will?"

"No, sir, but to see that the rightful heir is restored to his own."

"You say you are that heir?"

"I am, sir," drawing himself up with a smirk. "I am the defrauded grandson of the late Grantford Bunker, millionaire manufacturer of Providence, Rhode Island. We are here in the West, and a good ways from the old place, but that niece mentioned formulated a new will, beat me to a finish, and turned me adrift. It is up to us to turn the tables on Olivia, the schemer, Mr. Sneakum."

"Which would entail considerable expense——"

"Never mind the expense, there's a million at stake, and it is possible the court may appoint you my guardian in place of the usurper. You know her, Mr. Sneakum."

"I know Olivia Horne?" lifting his brows.

"Sure. She is now the wife of old Tory Trodden of Trodden Place, this city. By merest chance this will fell into my hands. I have picked you to get me back my patrimony; do it and a snug fortune is yours for the trouble."

"There seems to be a fair show for success," and Sneakum rubbed his hands together joyfully. The case was one of exciting promise, and his palms already itched for the handling of the money likely to come to them.

"You'll take my case, Mr. Sneakum?"

"That I will, my boy, that I will. I am always interested in honest lads like you, Moses." And then a noise behind the door startled both plotters.

CHAPTER XIII.

BILLY GABBS IN EVIDENCE.

Mrs. Olivia Trodden sat in her private parlor thinking deeply on a certain class of problems that had lately confronted her. That night at the park, where she had been to keep an appointment with the man Flight, she had not the least idea what was in the wind.

At her request, the settler accompanied her home to one of the most palatial residences in the city. At the threshold, however, he halted and asked to be excused. The hour was late, and he would see her again. A small amount of money would satisfy him now; later he would turn over the will and get the large sum he had mentioned.

"Abraham," said she, with cutting sharpness, "I believe you are trying to deceive me. I don't believe you have any such will as you mention."

He only laughed and assured her that she would not be left long in doubt.

Thus they separated. Several days passed, and Flight did not again turn up. The woman began to feel less ill at ease. If there had been a will, it was not now in existence; she was utterly safe in her hold upon the great wealth left a dozen years before by Grantford Bunker.

Nevertheless, deep down in the guilty woman's heart there lurked a fear that nothing could quite lay at rest.

Tonight she sat thinking of the past, of how she had been enabled by her cleverness and tact to ingratiate herself into the good graces of her granduncle to such an extent as to be appointed by him guardian over the infant Moses.

That child had proved no end of trouble to the scheming woman. She was not bad enough at heart to slay the infant, yet she was anxious for some disease to take him off, thus leaving her, as the only heir, full possession of the Bunker estates. The child had proved provokingly healthy. Olivia finally removed from her New England home to the Middle West, bringing up the boy as Till Trodden.

A sharp ring at the doorbell roused Olivia from a dream of what might be. She heard the maid answer, to learn that it was the late postman with a single letter, which was brought to her.

Mrs. Trodden, as she sat under the electric light, was a not unhandsome woman of forty. She was rather stout, with dark hair and scintillating black eyes. In her youth she had been a beauty and a belle. She married Tory Trodden rather late in life; he was a gray-haired speculator from Chicago. The two joined their fortunes, and soon were doing a large business in lumber products, adding to their already large fortune.

The husband never took kindly to Till, and the lad's life had been anything but a bed of roses.

Olivia tore open the letter and read:

"Mrs. Olivia Trodden,
"Trodden Place.

"Dear Madam:—I am in possession of a paper which has a most remarkable value to you at the present time—no less than the last will and testament of your late granduncle, Grantford Bunker. An interview would appear to be the wisest thing for you under the circumstances. You may call at my office, or I will call at Trodden Place as pleases you best.
GRAFTON SNEAKUM, Attorney at Law."

Olivia got to her feet and stared at the missive in her hand. The man whose name was signed to the letter was known to be the sleekest criminal practitioner in the city. This, then, was the trick Abraham Flight had played upon her. She went white as chalk and bit her lips till the blood started.

"What shall I do, oh, what shall I do?" moaned the disturbed woman.

At this moments a step sounded outside. She went swiftly to the door and flung it wide.

"Something wanted, Mrs. Trodden."

There before her, bowing and twisting like a young ape, was the new choreboy, Master Billy Gabbs. His rotund face shone like a glass bottle, his eyes never once betraying the fact that he had been eavesdropping.

"Yes—no—I don't know," formulated the agitated lady. Billy drew a long face and seemed very anxious to serve. He had but lately been installed, and had even so soon ingratiated himself into the good graces of every member of the Trodden household. Even particular Olivia felt her heart warm toward the fat boy as it had never warmed toward her cousin's child, Till.

"You look troubled," persisted Billy, sparkling like a string of diamonds on the neck of a ballroom belle. "I want to help you if I can."

"You are very kind, but you can't help me just at present."

She closed the door with a bang, leaving the boy standing on one foot with mouth agape.

"The lady is in trouble, sure," muttered Billy. "That letter fixed her flint. Wonder what was in it. It's up to me to find out."

The voice of Tilly, the maid, sounded in another part of the house, and thither went Billy boy in search of comfort.

"Hello, Billy! Why are you here so late? You are a regular nighthawk?"

"So I am, Tilly, but how about you?"

"I always stay up till my mistress retires."

"And I'm waitin' up fur the return of the boss."

"But he won't be home before tomorrow. He's gone to Chicago."

"Then I may as well rip and tear I s'pose."

Billy was off like a flash. He was learning the ropes at Trodden Place with a vengeance, making friends with his good nature and jollity. Even the rather gloomy boss, old Tory Trodden, unbent in the presence of Billy.

The previous day, Sneakum, the lawyer who had accepted Moses Bunker's case against the Troddens, had dashed into his back room in time to see a boy slipping through an open window, plainly showing that his talk with Moses had had a listener.

"It doesn't matted, though," he argued, not recognizing the eavesdropper. "Nothing was said that will in any way injure our plans, Moses."

From that interview with the wild Moses of the woods, the desperado, firebug, and all-around terror, Lawyer Sneakum went to call on the lady at Trodden Place. Billy was in the yard when the lawyer alighted from a taxi and turned down the great front entrance.

"Good day, sir," and Billy doffed his cap.

"Good day, young man. Is your mistress at home?"

"I reckon she is, but she ain't receiving today."

"She will see me. Take in this card."

Sneakum sat down on one of the porch chairs to await the return of the boy messenger. He soon came back, opening wide the mahogany door.

"It's all right, Mr. Sneak." Billy did not seem to notice he had made a mistake in the name.

The lawyer was shown through a hall to a room on the ground floor where Olivia Trodden sat writing letters. She received her visitor with a cold nod and an inquisitive stare rather disconcerting even so thick-skinned an individual as the criminal lawyer.

"I have called on business, Mrs. Trodden," he said, hastily.

"Yes?" distantly, still staring.

"About a certain will. You got my note with regard to it?"

"Why, yes, I believe so." She waved him to a chair. He refused to sit.

"It won't take me long to place my news squarely before you, madam," he

IOWA WOMAN WELL AGAIN

Freed From Shooting Pains, Spinal Weakness, Dizziness, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my health."—Mrs. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider Well This Advice.
No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for nearly forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

RIEGER'S MONOGRAM WHISKEY
RIEGER'S
Monogram
EXTRA
FINE
Whiskey
BOTTLED BY
J. RIEGER & CO.

PRICE LIST SENT FREE UPON APPLICATION
RIEGER'S Monogram WHISKEY
Express Prepaid
8 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Private Stock $5
4 Full Quarts Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine $3
FREE two sample bottles, gold tipped glass and corkscrew with every order
Over 165,000 customers have proven that our whiskey is far the best ever distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equalled. Send remittance with order. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.
J. RIEGER & CO.
1656 Genesee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Money and Postage Refunded by Return Mail if Ties Are not Satisfactory These three Silk Ties and Pin Could not be Bought Elsewhere For less Than $2.00. All Ties Shipped on Day Order is Received.

$1.00
Pin and Three Silk Ties Postpaid $1
7 Ties, 2 Pins, $2.
A beautiful present for Xmas, birthdays and all times. Address
W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.
WRITE ME TODAY. DON'T DELAY.

All I ask Is a trial Order. You Can't Lose But will GAIN. All Ties Stylish and Up-to-date. If you Desire any Special Color Kindly Name Same in Your Order.

LEG SORES
Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE.
Bayles Co., 1824 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

New Suit Offer!

Just send us your name and you will promptly receive the most astonishing—yes, wonderful suit offer, together with Paragon Complete Outfit, packed with big assortment of Cloth Samples, Tape Measure, Fashion Figures, Order Blanks, etc.—all absolutely

FREE by Return Mail, Postpaid

This includes an offer on a fine suit for yourself so liberal it will startle you, and our Grand Offer to START YOU IN A BIG MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF. Our wide-open terms, conditions and privileges will astonish you. The low prices we will make you on men's high-quality clothing will amaze you. And

WE Pay All Express Charges

We go the limit in liberality. We want you for our agent in your town, so that we can Turn All Our Business Over to You. We will start you in a big, established, money-making business.

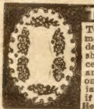
New Agents Make $40 a Week

Do you wonder that our agents make all kinds of money? We must have an agent in your town. Get our GRAND OFFER and the special PARAGON OUTFIT, which is already packed with big Assortment of Cloth Samples and complete equipment, ready to be sent you free, charges paid by us. "First Come, First Served." Rush your answer to us quick if you want a suit for yourself, before someone else gets the prize. (37)

PARAGON TAILORING COMPANY, Dept. 7, Chicago.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanatarium, Dept. 87 St. Joseph, Mo.



TRAY CLOTH FREE

To quickly introduce our new fancy work magazine teaching all the popular embroideries and showing the newest designs in shirt waists, corset covers, hats, scarfs, centers, etc., we send it 3 months on trial and give this beautiful 18-inch tray cloth on fine Art Linen, your choice of Wallachian, Eyelet, Mt. Mellick or Violet design, if you send 10c for mailing expense, etc. Household Fancy Work Club 80, Topeka, Kan

GOLD FILLED SIGNET FREE Ring. Warranted 3 Years. Send 10c to pay postage, packing and advertising. Any initial engraved Free. Ring sent same day money is received. Dept. 121 THE AUCTION, Attleboro, Mass.

30 TRANSFER PATTERNS FREE

To quickly introduce our new fancy work magazine, teaching all popular embroideries, showing newest designs in shirt waists, corset covers, hats, scarfs, centers, etc., we send it three months for only 10c and give free the famous Briggs Stamping Outfit, all complete, containing over 30 transfer latest stamping patterns and full instructions. Address Household Fancy Work Club, Dept. 80, Topeka, Kan.

START A MILLINERY BUSINESS For $50.00 or $100.00

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE FOR A PAYING BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

MAKE YOURSELF INDEPENDENT

Now is the time to establish yourself in a paying, pleasant business of your own. A small investment is all that is necessary to open a retail millinery store or department. Thousands are now enjoying good incomes that we have started in this way.

With one of our special complete stocks of ready Trimmed Millinery, you can open a store or department without the services of a trimmer. These stocks are made up of the very latest city styles. Every hat is a positive success and will sell quickly at a large profit, thereby assuring your success.

We conduct one of the largest wholesale and manufacturing Millinery concerns in the world, producing over 7,000 Trimmed Hats daily, and the most important department is selling Millinery stocks.

THERE IS MONEY IN MILLINERY

No other legitimate business offers the same opportunity. In no other business can you invest so little and draw out so much. Many of our successful customers, not wanting to start a separate store, rented space in a store where millinery was not handled, or used a room in their own home.

WE PROTECT MILLINERY DEALERS BY REFUSING TO SELL CONSUMERS

If you can invest $50 or $100 now you should be able to turn over your investment many times during the season. After you have opened your store we send you catalogs, style books, etc., thus keeping you always informed on the best and latest correct styles that are in popular demand. By using our catalog you can, without any previous experience, re-order such goods as you need, in as small a quantity as desired, thereby keeping your stock always new, up-to-date and complete. You can succeed in this business without previous experience and with less effort than in any other line.

WRITE TODAY for itemized list No. 329 It tells just what our Spring and Summer Millinery stocks consist of, what they will sell for, just how much profit you can make, also full particulars how best to start a successful, paying Retail Millinery business. Write—right now. If in our city call on us.

CHICAGO MERCANTILE CO.

159-161-163-165-167-169-171 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

proceeded. "This will I speak of has, for some reason, never been probated."

"What will? I know nothing about anything of the sort, sir."

"It won't take you long to learn about it, Mrs. Trodden," he said, with a crafty smile. "It is the last will and testament of a certain Rhode Island gentleman known as Grantford Bunker——"

"Kindly cease such nonsense, Mr. Sneak. No such will exists."

She had made the same mistake in his name as had Billy, a fact that roiled the lawyer although he did not show it.

"Begging your pardon, madam, but such a will does exist, and is at the present time in my possession. It will be well for you to prepare to do justice to a young man who has been cheated out of his patrimony by you. I am not here to multiply words over so serious a matter."

"You come here to threaten?" lifting her brows in cool disdain.

"No, madam, but to make a proposition."

"Proceed."

Her interest was not very much aroused, he thought. He was himself not so very sure of his premises. The will seemed all right, but the heir—aye, there was the rub. To be candid, Graft Sneakum believed his client was a humbug of the first water. And yet he had accepted his retainer and promised to do what he could.

"My proposition is this. For one hundred thousand dollars you may have full possession of your granduncle's will."

"The idea!" laughing shrilly.

Rising, her face flushing with anger, Mrs. Trodden pointed to the door.

"I do not care to continue this interview—go!"

The sallow face of the attorney flushed crimson with anger.

"There is no call to be angry, Mrs. Trodden," he said, controlling himself with an effort. "I merely made you this proposition to save litigation. You seem to regard it in the light of a holdup——"

"I do," raspingly. "It is blackmail of the worst kind. I refuse to be held up and robbed."

"Kind of you, truly," and he laughed, stroking his chin. "I am to understand then that you refuse point blank to settle."

"There is nothing to settle."

"Do you deny that you had a granduncle Grantford?"

"I do not——"

"You deny the will then?"

"I have seen no will."

"I can show it to you, madam."

Thrusting his hand into an inside pocket, Mr. Sneakum drew forth a long, business-like envelope. She advanced with eager interest now.

"It is here in my hand, madam.,

"Let me take it"

He permitted her to do so. She whirled quickly. There was a fire burning in the open grate, since the morning was cool. She tossed the paper into the fire, even as he sprang forward in wild remonstrance.

This fine story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. A lot of strange and exciting things happen. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

The Only Difference.

"I don't care very much about getting up early Sunday mornings," Mr. Ames confessed to Mr. Brooks, his seatmate on the 8 o'clock train to town, "and my wife generally lets me sleep as long as I like."

"How is it when she's bound you shall go to church?" Mr. Brooks asked.

"How is it with your wife?" parried Ames.

"Along about 7 o'clock," Brooks replied readily, "my wife gets up."

"'Don't you stir,' she'll say; 'have a good sleep.'

"Then off comes a blanket. 'Just the top one,' she explains. 'You don't really need it for such a short time, and it will be airing.'

"Up go the windows, that haven't been open all night, with a slam. 'Oh, isn't that refreshing,' she cries. 'It's going to be a perfectly lovely day!'

"She steps briskly about, singing one of those songs so joyous that it puts you out at the first lilt.

"If that doesn't work, she drops a hundred-weight of silver stuff off the top of her dressing table on the floor. 'What!' in great surprise. 'Are you awake, Jack?'

"I am awake and I say so." Brooks' smile was grim. "I hope she feels the reproach in my voice. Not at all. 'Well,' she returns, 'as long as you're awake, wouldn't you just as lief get up? If you will, you'll have plenty of time to wash the dog before breakfast.'"

Ames smiled. "We haven't a dog," he said.

* * *

Everyday Recommendation.

Applicant for Position—I have here a letter of recommendation from my minister.

Head of Firm—That's very good so far as it goes, but we won't need your services on Sundays. Have you any references from anybody who knows you the other six days of the week?

Avoid Blends! Send us your order for Hayner BOTTLED-IN-BOND Whiskey

You KNOW it is good and pure—the Government's Green Stamp over the cork is your protection.

NO MATTER what others may promise—no matter how tempting their offers may seem—*see* if they offer *Bottled-in-Bond* whiskey—and remember—there is only one way you can be *sure* of getting pure, straight whiskey—and that is to *insist* on Bottled-in-Bond.

That's what we offer you—Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—rich, pure and delicious—shipped in *sealed* case—Direct from Distillery—and all it costs you is $3.20 for FOUR full quarts—express charges paid.

There's no question about a whiskey like *this*—the Government's Green Stamp over the cork is *your* assurance that it is Bottled-in-Bond—fully aged, full 100% proof, full measure—and a *guarantee* that it comes to you just as it left the distillery, in all its original purity and goodness.

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20
IN STRONG SEALED CASE
WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES
HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY BOTTLED IN BOND

WE WANT you to TRY this whiskey on our guarantee you will find it all we claim—as fine as you ever tasted—and the best value you ever saw—or you may send it back at our expense—and we will return your money.

Remember—you take no chances. We take all the risk—and we stand all the expense if we fail to please you.

No letter is necessary—

Cut Out and use this Coupon and address our nearest office

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.
Enclosed find $3.20 for which send me FOUR full quart bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—express paid—as per your offer. It is understood that if this whiskey is not found as represented and satisfactory to me in every way, it may be returned at your expense—and my $3.20 is to be promptly refunded. G-30

Name ____________

Address ____________

____

Note the price—only 80 cents a quart—delivered. Where else can you buy a Bottled-in-Bond whiskey of this magnificent quality at this price.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid. 0-N

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Dept. G-30

DISTILLERY TROY, OHIO Established 1866 | Dayton, O. St. Louis, Mo. Kansas City, Mo. Boston, Mass. St. Paul, Minn. New Orleans, La. Jacksonville, Fla. | CAPITAL $500,000.00 Full Paid

NEW MODEL
Magic Post Card
Reflectorscope
WONDER OF THE CENTURY

This New Model Magic Post Card Reflectorscope operates like a Magic Lantern only it does not require any glass slides and will project any kind of a picture, photograph, post-card or newspaper clipping in their original colors, greatly magnified upon a white sheet or wall. New pictures and new subjects all the time at no expense. **Boys and girls can give a continuous five cent show** for hours and a new and different show each evening with this wonderful **Magic Post Card Reflectorscope.** Boys and Girls send me your name and address, plainly written, and I will mail you post-paid on credit **twelve boxes Grandma's Wonder Healing and Complexion Cream to dispose of among friends at 25 cents a box.** When sold, remit me the **three dollars** and I will send you this **New Model Magic Post Card Reflectorscope,** complete, ready for use. Write me at once for the twelve boxes Cream. Address,

CHAS. B. THOMPSON, IMPORTER
Reflectorscope Dept. 161 BRIDGEWATER, CONN.

$29.50 Buys This Elegant Top Buggy.

WARRANTED FOR Five Years.

Retail Price $60.00. Buggies, Surreys, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons. We have cut out our Jobbers, our Wholesalers and our Retailers and offer YOU their profit. Write today for our

Free Catalog and Delivered Prices.

Mutual Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
Station 10 G, East St. Louis, Ill.

A Beautiful 31-Piece Dinner Set

For A Few Hours Work

Do You Want This Beautiful DINNER SET? Then Read Below—

FREE

OVER 20 THOUSAND GIVEN AWAY LAST SEASON

Simply send your name and address for 12 boxes of our famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE in handsome tin boxes, postpaid, also 12 different Beautiful Art Pictures—kind usually sold for $1 each. Sell the salve at 25c per box with one picture free. When all are sold, send us the $3.00 and we'll send you this beautiful 31-piece dinner set. Every piece full size, handsomely decorated with violets and gold border. WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE—used by millions for over 15 years—is the best known remedy for cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, colds, etc. Don't miss this opportunity. Write today—now.

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY, Dept. 54 TYRONE, PA.

St. Luke Himself.

The venerable rector of St. Luke's has a saintly and apostolic appearance. He also has decided opinions of his own on most matters and is not averse to expressing them. Recently, unknown to him, the vestry decided to have the next supply of coal for the church put in a different cellar from the one commonly used. When the coal was delivered, the rector, seeing the drayman making what he thought was a mistake in its disposal, interposed and in no uncertain terms bade the darky place the coal in the cellar always used for that purpose.

The senior warden several days later was much annoyed to discover that his orders had been disregarded and that the coal was in the same old cellar. With wrath in his eye he complained to the coal dealer. The latter declared that he had carefully explained to the drayman where to put the coal, so to settle the matter the darky was called up.

"Sam, you black rascal," thundered the coal man, "didn't I tell you to put that coal for St. Luke's in the cellar opening on 4th street?"

Yassah."

"Mr. Smith tells me you didn't do it. Why can't you carry out my orders?"

The darky grinned sheepishly, hesitated, scratched his head. "Well, boss, you see, I done started to put dat coal wheh you tole me—yassah, I done started—an, ole St. Luke hisself he come out and gimme fits about it."

* * *

Long days shorten the light bills.

THIS GENEROUS TREATMENT FREE AND 36 PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK

SUCCESS
HOW TO GET BACK YOUR HEALTH
THE MOST PRECIOUS THING YOU CAN HAVE
FREE TREATMENT
FREE
RITY
SKILL
SCIENCE
ADVICE
EXPERIENCE
HONESTY
KNOWLEDGE
INTELLIGENCE

Dr. F. W. Jiroch, of Chicago, who is regarded by many as perhaps the best specialist of modern times in his chosen field, makes you this liberal offer.

If You Are Sick Let Me Help You

Just mark with a cross X in the coupon below any of the different symptoms you have and send it to me, and I will send you the **Treatment Free** so you may make a personal test of just what my special medicine will do.

This Treatment Will Be Delivered By MAIL, POSTAGE PAID, Right to Your Own Door Without One Cent of Expense to You

This offer is made to any person who sincerely wants to be cured of Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel Disorders, Heart Trouble, Nervous Weakness, Catarrh and all other diseases arising from impure blood, Uric Acid conditions, etc.

SEND NO MONEY Simply put a cross X mark before the symptoms that you have, cut out the coupon, sign your name in full and complete address, and I will do the rest.

The Object of This Advertisement

is to reach the sick, weak and suffering; those who have failed with other treatments, those who have given up in despair, those in remote places who are not supplied with modern, up-to-date and successful methods of curing diseases.

I Want to Prove to Those People at My Own Expense That I Have the Real Remedies

I have perhaps the most successful method yet devised for the permanent cure of diseases of which I have made a specialty. I do not ask you to accept my word for this. I am a Specialist and I do not have one remedy that cures everything; no patent medicines; no "dope." My special treatments are made up of my own private prescriptions perfected after years of successful practice. My great success is due to knowing what remedies cure and treating my patients honestly. I count my cures by the hundred where a doctor in ordinary practice counts but one.

To Prove My Claims I'll Send a Treatment Free to Test

I want you to try at my expense, **not yours.** All I want to know is what you want to be cured of. I have made it convenient for you to tell me this by simply putting a cross X mark before the symptoms you have on the attached coupon or write me a letter in your own words about anything of a private nature (man or woman) that you want me to know. I realize that I must help you and get your good will if I expect you to recommend me to others. And you must believe that my remedies are genuine, and that I do cure, otherwise I could not afford this expense of advertising.

The Vast Majority of Patients I Treat Are Those Who Have Failed With Other Treatments

You may feel discouraged on account of past failures; patent medicines may have proven worthless; your home doctor may have exhausted himself—even pronounced your case incurable—but this does not prove that I cannot help you and that I may cure you. The worst cases come to me. My treatment may be a surprise to you. Set aside your doubts; try once more. **Try at my expense.** You have nothing to lose.

Accept My Liberal Offer!

It Places You Under No Obligation Whatever to Me

I repeat—you are under no obligation to accept this free offer. No contracts; no express charges. I will pay the postage myself and deliver the treatment right to your own door without one cent of expense to you. Do not delay; do not argue. Just say to yourself "If Dr. Jiroch has so much confidence in his ability and his treatment to go to all this expense I am going to let him try." Put a cross X mark before the symptoms you have; sign your name and address to the attached coupon, cut it out and mail it to me today. It will obligate you to nothing. Just let me try to help you. Address

Dr. F. W. JIROCH, Dept. 1188 533-535 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INDICATE YOUR SYMPTOMS HERE for FREE DIAGNOSIS

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon Today

I wish to avail myself of your offer to get a proof treatment free so I can test it in my own case, I have placed a cross X mark before the ailments for which I desire treatment.

Name..
State plainly, Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Town..

State..

Street or R. F. D. or Box.............................

Have you ever written me?............ What is your age?........

What is your disease?

....

....

____ If you are losing flesh.
____ If you take cold easily.
____ If your appetite is poor.
____ If you have rheumatism.
____ If you have sick headache.
____ If you have pain in the back.
____ If you are subject to malaria.
____ If you spit up mucus or slime.
____ If you are subject to biliousness.
____ If you are troubled with catarrh.
____ If your sleep does not refresh you.
____ If you feel weak and all run down.
____ If you have palpitation of the heart.
____ If you have heartburn and indigestion.
____ If you have weak lungs or cough much.
____ If you have any rectal trouble or piles.
____ If you belch up wind from the stomach.
____ If your hands and feet get cold easily.
____ If you spit up sour or undigested food.
____ If you have foul breath and coated tongue.
____ If your bowels are irregular or constipated.
____ If you have specks floating before the eyes.
____ If you have dizziness or swimming of the head.
____ If you have itching or burning of your skin.
____ If you have hot and cold flashes over the body.
____ If you have boils and pimples on the face and on the neck.
____ If you feel bloated, distressed or sleepy after eating.
____ If you are depressed in spirits and easily discouraged.
____ If you have pains in the back, through loins, hips and joints.
____ If you get weak, nervous and trembling after slight exertion.
____ If you have twitching of the muscles, limbs, face and eyelids.
____ If you have too frequent desire to pass water, or if there is dribbing or painful urination.

It is distinctly understood that I will never ask you to pay for the proof treatment, letter of advice, diagnosis, or for answering your special questions. I will also send you my Medical Book containing valuable suggestions, simple home rules, etc., all free—Absolutely Free—Write at once. Address,

Dr. F. W. Jiroch
Dept. 1188
533-535
So. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago
Ill.

FILL OUT This Application and Send it TODAY.